

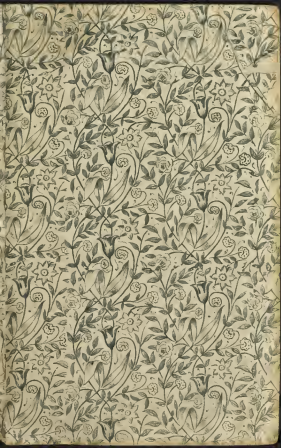


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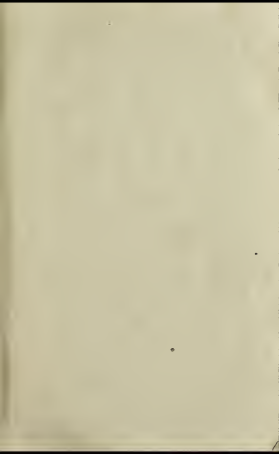
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*Thomas Bryant
from the*

HISTORY

OF THE

FIRST REGIMENT

Illinois Volunteer Infantry,

AND

Company D, Fourteenth Regiment.

VOLUME II.

BY

CAPT. T. J. BRYANT.

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WAR REMINISCENCES.

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued.)

ing in all our lives, I believe the monotony of camp life would make a man fight, if nothing else, just for a chance to break ~~evening~~. The 14th as we marched out in the dark seemed to be frantic with enthusiasm, when the time of trial comes to the 14th, and it is evidently not far off if they are in the mood they were last night, the Johnnies will get hurt. To-day the camp is over-run with huxters, and taken in consideration with the rumors that are in camp of picket firing, it looks as if the Johnnies were bent on mischief.

Saturday night, I don't know what is the matter with me to-night except I have been to jolly to-day, I believe I have caught the blues from Billie Davison, I let him go to visit his brother Bob, a lieutenant in the 40th Illinois of Sherman's division, they are camped between Shiloh, and Owl creek. He came back about two o'clock and said that he wanted to talk to me but I was entertaining Captain Campbell and Lieutenant Rice of the 32d Illinois, Captain Smith of Co. B, 14th Illinois, Chaplain Bulloge, and Dr. Cathewood of Mowequa Illinois and had no time to spare him. He sat around for an hour or so and then went away. He looked and acted as if he had the blues.

Oh, the stormy times we knew,
And the dangers we passed through,
When you and I were soldier boys together, Will:
Ere they laid you in the soil,
Where a glory crowned your toll.
As the spring time crowns the gloomy winter weather,
Will.

CHORUS.

Oh, gallant, gallant Will,
Your noble heart is sad!
When the river waves roll in the sun.
You nevermore will thrill
Or wake at the roar of the gun,
Or march to the war drums rolling,
Or march to the war drums rolling,
Or shout when the battle is won!

Oh, the toils that we knew
In our suits of army blue,
When you and I were soldier boys in battle, Will;
Our hearts the stronger grew
For the dangers we passed through,
'Mid cannons' crash and rifles deadly rattle, Will.

Oh, gallant, gallant Will, &c.

Though my fighting time is past,
Like a storm upon the blast,
And I walk no more among the dead and dying, Will;
I recall the days with pride,
When we battled side by side,
And the dear old flag above our heads was flying, Will.

Oh, gallant, gallant Will &c.

And I still remember you,
Of the many tried and true,
Who slumber now 'neath Southern glen and valley, Will!
And sometimes in a dream,
Will the old flag o'er me stream,
While the brave and true beneath its folds will rally,
Will

Oh, gallant, gallant Will, &c.

He was killed in the fight next day, and I believe that he had seen enough while probably out at the picket lines to impress him with an idea that the Rebels were approaching in force. I have already quoted from my diary that I entertained company Saturday afternoon. Just before we sat down to supper I saw Capt. Jaquish going toward the right of the Regiment, I called to him that the company he wished to see was at my tent. He was a member of the Illinois conference M. E. Church, and was chaplain of a regiment of cavalry then at Paduka, the regiment was the object of General Grant's especial dislike. He took tea with us, and said that he had tantalized his aunt, with whom he boarded, at breakfast the morning before, that in her wrath she informed him that General Johnston would attack Grant Saturday with 50,000 men, and while she was yet talking he heard a boat whistle and excusing himself, that he had letters to mail he boarded the boat and came up to tell General Grant that it had been the intention of the Rebels to attack him if possible that morning, and if for any cause they were delayed, that they would attack the next day. When Grant asked for his authority, he said that it was a revelation from the almighty. This made Grant mad and he informed the chaplain that he might report back to his regiment, being acquainted with General Prentiss he went to him with the same information from the same source, while the General told him that if the Rebels were spoiling for a fight, ~~and~~ all that they would have to do would be to pitch in and they would be accommodated, yet the probabilities to my mind, this information caused General Prentiss to send Col. Moore on the reconnoissance he

made Saturday afternoon, and Powell out at mid night. This kind of treatment disgusted the Chaplain as much as the Chaplain's way of communicating his information disgusted them, so he struck out to hunt up old conference friends and acquaintances and made his appearance as described. He entered into detail with his preacher friends as to his sources of information, much more freely than he had done with the general officers or than we have time or space to detail here. I entered largely into Chaplain Jacques feelings and views, and on Sunday, y morning ordered that no man leave regimental quarter. About eight o'clock the camp was startled by the sudden rattle of small arms in the direction of Sherman's and Prentiss' encampment. I was at the right of the regimental camp when the firing commenced. I came on the run to company quarters, ordered company D to fall in, and ran into my tent gathered my sword and belt and put them on while A. J. Worcester loaded my pistol for me. Just as I stepped out Adj. McKnight with General **Ventch**, s adjutant came up with orders for the companies to form on the color-line. D was ready and was the first company on the line, though every company was exceedingly prompt. The regiment was formed in an incredibly short time after it received orders, and was away for brigade headquarters when the 25th Indiana, the 14th, 15th and 46th Illinois regiments moved away at once to support Generals Sherman and Prentiss. As we moved out to the front, women were seen running with their hair flying, babes in their arms, and small children holding to their dress-skirts, as they fled from

their cabins, scattered through the timber for shelter and safety to Pittsburg Landing. The wounded that were able to walk were already beginning to come to the rear. One poor fellow held up his arm for us to see. The bone had been shot away and the hand was held to the arm by a few ligaments.

CHAPTER VII.

Why Grant was suspended from command. Reinstated. Topography. Divisions located. Aggregate forces. Rebel council of war. Major Powell attacks rebels. Army in line. Prentiss and Sherman forced back. Supporting divisions to the front. Veatch tries his hand. Tuttle, Prentiss and Hurlbut assaulted, but held their ground for five hours and beat back the rebels four times. Johnston's fatal charge. The Federal left turned but Johnston falls. Final struggle. Rebel testimony to their final repulse. Forces at the close of the first days fight. Monday's fight. Ammen and Lew Wallas move. Ammen. First day's men to the front. Smith's men of Crittenden's Division not all valorous, they are repulsed, but move forward again. Veatch to the relief of McCook. Lew Wallas and Sherman successful at every point while McClenard is thrice checked. Final struggle and the 14th Illinois makes the last victorious charge.

THE SHILOH CAMPAIGN.—PRELIMINARY STATEMENT.

The capture of Fort Henry and Donelson opened a way into the heart of the Confederacy that necessitated the formation of a new line of defense by the Rebel military authorities in the West. Albert Sidney Johnston, amid all the hostile clamor of the South, retained the confidence and support of Jefferson Davis. After the fall of Fort Henry and Donelson, he, to de-

ceive the Federal commanders, rapidly fell back by a circuitous route on Corinth, Miss., the crossing of the Memphis and Charleston, the Mobile & Ohio Railroads. It will be seen from this that it was of immense strategic importance to the Rebels for the transportation of troops from the Mississippi to the Atlantic and from the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico. It was worth a campaign to the Rebels to hold it, and as much to the Federals to capture it. Grant's military genius, all undeveloped as it was, at that period of the war, took all this in. He urged Halleck to give him authority to organize such a campaign, and in his restlessness, immediately after the fall of Donelson, he went to Nashville, to see Buell, to negotiate with him for co-operation. This Buell was evidently opposed to unless he could be in command. But Order No. 4 from the War Department, formed a new district, called that of the Mississippi, putting Halleck in command. This put a large part of Buell's command within the bounds of Halleck's jurisdiction. Halleck at once ordered Grant to move the Army of the Tennessee to Fort Henry, and Embark them for a descent on the railroad bridge over Bear Creek, near Eastport, Miss., and also the railroad at Corinth, Jackson and Humbolt, in the order named. He thought strong detachments of cavalry and light artillery, supported by infantry, might, by rapid movements, reach these points from the river without serious opposition; but they were to avoid bringing on a serious engagement until they were joined by Buell.

Grant set his forces in motion from Fort Donelson on the 4th, and arrived at Fort Henry on the 5th of March, when, on account of com-

plaints made to Halleck by some jealous officer, Halleck telegraphed him, "Why don't you obey orders? Turn the command over to Gen. C. F. Smith, and remain yourself at Fort Mury;"

We offered the following as the probable cause: it is from the pen of George W. Palmer to the Madison (Wis.) *Courier*:

I notice in General Grant's article on Shiloh in the *Century's* February issue, that he makes public for the first time, so far as I know, the fact of his having been ordered by Gen. Halleck to turn over his command to Gen. C. F. Smith and remain on the steamer, virtually under arrest. No cause is given for such treatment, save Halleck's complaint that he had not reported the number and condition of his command. This certainly seems, on the part of Halleck, to be very unjust and harsh treatment of the men who had captured Forts Henry and Donelson. While the Nation was ringing with his praises and had given the pet name of Unconditional Surrender Grant, his chief offered him this indignity. Why was this? Surely not for the trifling error or a failure to make his reports. What time would we have had to keep up reports—fighting as he had been for three days and nights in the wind and storm and bitter cold around the rugged hills of Ft. Donelson? I can perhaps throw a side light on that little episode in that history; an episode that came near costing the nation dearly, for who can doubt that Grant's arrest accounts for the want of preparations in the army that resulted in the surprise of Shiloh? Grant was never caught napping before or since, and I do not hold him responsi-

ble for that time. It was Gen. Smith, who by Halleck's order had held command for a week who must be held responsible. But to my side light: When organizing his army at Cairo with that energy and thoroughness which was so prominent a trait of his character, Grant had incurred the enmity of Quartermaster W. G. Kountz, in the following manner: Kountz was a quartermaster in charge of transportation, especially of steamboats, and was very zealously striving to curb and control the vast expenditure of the department. Grant's quartermaster, Hatchl would charter steamboats at \$100 to \$300 a day and Kountz would discharge them. One morning Grant ordered some troops to embark in a steamboat on some secret expedition. Kountz refused to let him have the boat. Grant immediately placed Kountz under arrest in the St. Charles hotel at Cairo, kept him there two weeks, then sent him to Paducah, in charge of transportation there. So far I speak from knowledge derived from general hearsay. I was employed in the Quartermaster's department at Cairo, and had good opportunities of knowing, yet in the minor details may not be quite correct. What I shall further say I speak from my own knowledge. After the battle of Ft. Donelson I entered the office of Capt. Kountz, at Paducah, as his chief clerk. While there I copied for him a document containing seventeen distinct charges and specifications of drunkenness and disorderly conduct against Gen. Grant, with the names of witnesses to prove these charges. Kountz told me that he was on the most intimate and friendly terms with Stanton, the then secretary of war, and felt sure that these charges

would receive attention coming from him. I mailed the package to Sec. Stanton. Kountz with manifest pleasure shortly after told me that Grant was placed under arrest and afterward that he was released on the presentation of some army officers, (Gen. Smith I think it was) that Gen. Grant could not be spared from the army just then. Kountz was so enraged at this, and also at the hostility he had excited against himself among steamboat men by his economizing propensities that he threw up his commission in disgust and retired to private life.

Grant turned over the command the same day to Gen. Smith, who proceeded at once to move it as fast as transportation would admit, up the Tennessee River to Savannah, the capital of Hardin county, Tennessee, where they began to arrive on the 11th. The failure to destroy the bridge over Bear Creek, near Eastport, on account of high water, made a change in the programme necessary.

TYPOGRAPHY.

When the gunboats which preceded the fleet of transports on their way to Eastport, arrived at Pittsburg Landing, ten miles south of Savannah, they found two regiments of Rebel infantry, and a battery preparing to fortify between the mouth of Snake Creek, which comes down from the west and empties into the Tennessee a half mile north of the Landing. A quarter of a mile south of the Landing a small creek with very precipitous bluffs, empties into the river. South of the little creek, up to the mouth of Lick Creek the Tennessee is so cut up with lagoons that in rainy weather it is practically impassable. It is three miles from the

mouth of Snake Creek to the mouth of Lick Creek to a gully that came down through the bluffs at the south end of this bottom land. From there up to the mouth of the little creek the bluffs are too steep for ascent. The road up the bluffs started from the mouth of the gulley, it wound around the bluff and up it, along the south margin of a little hollow. On top of the bluff and up it, along the south margin of a little hollow. On top of the bluffs, just at the point where the gulley starts for the river through the bluffs, there were two log cabins. The road from the river debouched southwest until it passed these cabins, and then for three-quarters of a mile ran a very little south of west to where it was intersected by the road from Crumps Landing for Corinth. A fourth of a mile south the upper Corinth road puts off to the west and a half mile south the Pittsburg Landing road to Hamburg puts off east. The lower Corinth road keeps on south for a half-mile, when it curves to the west, where it and the upper Corinth road intersect with the road from Hamburg to Purdy, about 300 yards north of Shiloh Meeting House. The road that runs due north and south past Shiloh runs through Monterey to Corinth. Shiloh is three miles southwest from Pittsburg.

Gen. Smith seems to have seen at once, that Pittsburg Landing in time of high water, was the only practical point available for successful operations against Corinth; that, as it was a point that would be easy to fortify, it must be seized and held, and that it would be safer to plant the whole army there, then to put a few brigades and batteries there, which could be easily driven

out, or gobbled up. From the ford at Lick Creek to the ford on the Purdy Road via Shiloh across Owl Creek, was three miles. The bluffs of these creeks would form strong natural protections to the wings of an army.

DIVISIONS LOCATED.

Hallbut's division, ~~was~~ (the 4th division) consisting of three brigades of infantry, two battalions of cavalry, and three batteries, numbering 7,302 men, went into camp on the 18th of March, with his 3d brigade east of the lower Corinth road, along the Hamburg Road, his 1st brigade at the intersection of these roads, and his 2d brigade stretching across west to the upper Corinth road. His right was a mile north-east of Shiloh church.

On the 19th Sherman came in with his (the 5th) division, consisting of four brigades of infantry, eight companies of cavalry and two batteries. The strength of this division was 8,830 men. He placed Steward's brigade at the ford on Lick Creek, Hilderbrand's brigade was placed at its left, the Ray field, its right reaching west to Shiloh, Buckland's next, and McDowell's brigade reaching to Owl Creek. A few days later Prentiss came in with the Sixth Division, consisting of two brigades of infantry, eight companies of cavalry and five batteries. His right was to the east of the Ray field, and his left running down the Purdy road toward Lick Creek; but there was nearly a mile between his left and Steward. The strength of the Sixth Division was 5,463 men.

McClelland commanded the First Division. It was made up of three brigades of infantry.

eight companies of Steward's cavalry and three batteries. His strength was 7,028 men. McClelland lay in the rear of Gen. Sherman, his left reaching well down toward Prentiss's right, McClelland's right was a mile northwest of his left; that is to say, his camp ran from southeast to northwest. Sherman's camp ran nearly east and west from Owl Creek, a mile west of Shiloh Church, to the northwest corner of the Ray field a quarter of a mile east and south of the church. Prentiss' right was in the timber east of the Ray field, while his left was a quarter of a mile from Prentiss' right and Sherman's left. His right was a half or three quarters of a mile from Sherman's right. Prentiss' right held such a relationship to Sherman and McClelland's left, that while it did not exactly align with either, it might be said to align with either.

Levi Wallace's command was the Third Division. It had three brigades of infantry and two battalions of cavalry and two batteries; strength of the division, 7,564 men. It was camped at Crump's Landing, four miles north of Pittsburg Landing.

Gen. Smith had commanded the Second Division, but being placed in command of the army, W. H. L. Wallace was placed in command of this division, made up of three brigades of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry and three batteries. Strength, 8,289 men. Total strength of the Army of the Tennessee, 44,486 men.

At midnight on the 2d of April, 1862, Albert Sidney Johnston put his army in motion to attack and capture Grant (who had been restored to command by an order dated the 15th, and as-

sumed it on the 23d day of March), before Buell's laggard march would bring him up. The strength of the Rebel army, as reported on the morning of April 3, 1861, was 61,010, in four corps, commanded by Polk, Bragg, Hardee and Breckenridge. [Wednesday morning Gen. Lew Wallace's cavalry discovered a considerable force of infantry and cavalry at Purdy and notified Grant that the Rebels were about to attack him *i. e.*, Lew Wallace, and asked for help. Grant directed W. H. L. Wallace to go to Lew Wallace's support at once if he should be attacked, and notified Sherman to hold himself in readiness to march with his division to the support of Lew Wallace if he should be attacked, and to take Hurlbut with him if necessary.

On Friday forenoon, Sherman's cavalry discovered at least a brigade of Rebel infantry, two regiments of cavalry, and a battery of artillery at the Mickey farm. The infantry and artillery halted, but the cavalry came on toward Sherman's lines, and captured a Federal infantry picket post. A squadron of Federal cavalry, two companies of infantry, and a battery were ordered in pursuit. Sherman at the same time took two regiments of infantry and went outside of our picket lines. A little after dark, the Federals came upon the Rebel cavalry and attacked them with such spirit that they fled, leaving ten dead and twenty prisoners in our hands. Our cavalry pushed the Rebels so hard that they brought up their infantry and artillery in support, when our cavalry fell back and all became quiet.

On Saturday, parties of Rebel cavalry were frequently seen, as if reconnoitering, in front of our pickets. This was reported, and the Federal picket posts strengthened, after Col. Sullivan,

of the 48th Ohio division officers of the day had made a personal inspection. Gen. Prentiss on Saturday afternoon, sent Col. Moore of the 21st Missouri, on a reconnoissance with five companies of his regiment. They saw no bodies of troops, but plenty of cavalry signs.

At midnight on Saturday night, Gen. Prentiss ordered Major Powell, of the 25th Missouri infantry, who was brigade officer of the day, to take the two reliefs of guard that were off duty, go outside of the picket lines and attack a cavalry force that he had heard had gone into camp (three-fourths, ~~one~~ of a mile south of our picket line. When he arrived at the picket line, he was told that there were too many Rebels in front for him to attack with his small force, so he returned with the reliefs to their guard quarters.

REBEL COUNCIL OF WAR.

Now let us pass inside the Rebel lines for a little while and see what is transpiring there. At 10 o'clock Saturday night, just behind Hardee's line, which is the front one of the four, that made up the Rebel columns, Johnston, Beauregard, Polk, Bragg, Hardee and Breckinridge are assembled. Beauregard has heard that the Federals are apprised of their presence, and is in favor of retiring, and waiting for the Federals to attack at Corinth; but Johnston has never had any faith in surprising the Federals. He believes that no one line ever formed, can stand against the assault of four lines thrown against it successively, and he is satisfied that the Army of the Tennessee could form but one thin line along a three mile front.

Gen. Johnston's instructions to his Corps commanders and General Beauregard, were: "In the approaching battle every effort should be made to turn the left flank of the enemy so as to cut off his line of retreat to the Tennessee River and throw him back on Owl Creek, where he will be obliged to surrender." When the Council of War was about to break up, he said to his Corps commanders, "Hammer them, gentlemen, hammer them." As he rode along the lines of his army, as they were on their way from Corinth to Shiloh, he said to the men in each infantry column as he passed them: "Look along your gun barrels and fire low."

THE ATTACK BEGINS.

When Major Powell returned with the camp guard and had dismissed them, he took three companies of his own, the 25th Missouri, and three companies of the 12th Michigan, Colonel Quinn, of that regiment, says: "At 3 p. m., Sunday morning, the 6th of April, 1863, several companies of the first brigade (Prentiss's division), were sent out to watch, and endeavor, if possible, to capture a force of the enemy who were prowling near our camp. Our brave boys marched out, and had not more than three miles to march before they met the enemy." Three-fourths of a mile south of the Federal picket line Major Powell came upon the 3d Mississippi, under command of Major Harcastle, and opened upon them at once, where they fought for an hour, killing for the Mississippi four privates, wounding severely ten, and slightly wounding ten more. This attack by our men began fourteen minutes after 5 o'clock a. m. After an hour's fight Powell drove Harcastle back upon the brigade, one-quarter of a mile to the rear,

where he in turn began to be driven back. He then sent for reinforcements, and Col. Moore, with five companies of the 21st Missouri, was dispatched to his aid. When he met Powell he halted him, having sent back for his other five companies, who soon arrived. Then Moore advanced about 300 yards, where he met Shaver's brigade and repulsed it. In this encounter Powell was killed and Moore was wounded, when this Federal advance fell back on the main line at 8 o'clock a. m.

RECEPTION OF THE REBELS.

One writer on Shiloh describes the onslaught of the Rebels on Prentiss and Sherman as a pack of yelping wolves on a sheep fold. The reception that Prentiss gave Hardee, as described by Hardee official record, (vol. 10, page 568,) does not look as the Federals were a helpless and harmless flock of sheep. Hindman, Gladen and Cleburn all attacked Prentiss' division in line before his camps at 8 o'clock a. m., and Hardee says "after a series of desperate charges, the Rebels were compelled to fall back." In this fray the 6th Mississippi lost 300 killed and wounded out of an effective force of 425 men.

THE ARMY IN LINE.

Sherman's brigade was formed on their respective lines, as was Prentiss' also. Sherman rode to the front in the direction of the firing, was fired upon by the Rebels and his orderly killed. He immediately rode to Hilderbrand's headquarters, and dispatched Orderlies asking McClernard to support him, and requesting Hurlburt and W. H. L. Wallace to support Prentiss. He then rode to the front with Hilderbrand to en-

courage his men. The Rebels in the meantime had come up to Shiloh branch, and were deploying their infantry and planting batteries. Johnston was not more than 300 yards away, superintending the planting of a battery, as Sherman rode to the front for the second time, and if it had not been for the din of battle, they could have heard each other's commands. Taylor's Battery was in front of Shiloh. Waterhouse's was between the 77th and 53d Ohio, the 53d Ohio forming the left of Hilderbrand's brigade, and the 77th being on the right of the brigade. When the Rebels broke cover, Sherman's men poured such a volley upon them that they retired to cover. When they were thus repulsed, Gen. Anderson's brigade and one battery, of the Washington artillery, came to their support, but in the meantime the Rebels discovered that there were no Federal forces in front of the Ray field and they pressed into it, and flanked both Prentiss and Sherman. Waterhouse had detached two pieces from his battery, and sent them to the left to check the Rebels that were pouring into the gap through the Ray field, and would have probably succeeded, but at this critical moment Col. Apler, of the 53d Ohio, is said to have cried out, "Here they come! Men save yourselves." At this the regiment fled. This widened the gap between Sherman and Prentiss, and Sherman fell back a few hundred yards, where he gallantly held his ground until 10 o'clock a. m., when he found McClellan's division had been beaten back so far to the north, that it became necessary for him to draw his division back a mile northward and a mile westward. When McClellan attempted to come in to the gap that existed between Sherman and

Prentiss, and had been widened from one to three-fourths of a mile by the Rebels pushing into it, and thereby compelling Sherman to give ground to the west and Prentiss to the east.

These brigades were successively pushed back until about noon they succeeded in forming a consolidated line, with his left resting in the neighborhood of the camp of the 25th Indiana, in Hurlburt's Second brigade. Prentiss, finding his position on his color line too much exposed, fell back to the line of his tents, and by 9 o'clock a. m., had fallen back a thousand yards to the northeast, where he found a sunken road bed, when he took up a position which he held against repeated assaults until after half past 5 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, when he fell back to the camp of Hurlburt's 1st brigade, and finding himself completely surrounded and hopelessly cut off, he surrendered himself and his command.

Two of W. H. L. Wallace's, Tuttle's and Sweeney's Brigades went to the support of Prentiss. Tuttle's brigade came into position on a brush-covered ridge, to Prentiss' right, and Sweeney to Tuttle's right, Sweeney's right reaching down through the timber to the neighborhood of where the Corinth road turns to the west for Shiloh.

VEATCH TRIES HIS HAND.

Hurlburt's 2d brigade was placed across the lower Corinth road, about 200 yards north of where it comes west from Shiloh. His right wing was hardly in position when McClernard's last brigade was driven back from the second line, where Waterhouse lost a section of artillery. They came running through the lines of the 15th and 46th Illinois which composed Veatch's right.

These two regiments met and checked the Rebel advance until the 15th lost all his field officers, when it fell back about a quarter of a mile. This left both flanks of the 46th exposed, so that Col. Davis took the colors and bore them to the rear himself. He found the 15th halted in the neighborhood of where McClernard had at last got the left of his Division firmly planted, when they again form a line.

The 14th Illinois and 25th Indiana, which formed the left of Veatch's brigade, were placed to the east of the lower Corinth road and north of the 14th Ohio battery. When the right of the brigade was driven back, the Rebels had been so severely punished, that they had ceased their dash. The right of the 14th was broken back until it faced south, its left remaining in the neighborhood of where it first went into line. The 25th Indiana was left to guard the approach from the south and east, for it had become evident that Sweeney's brigade had been pushed back, as a Rebel force was seen in the southeast, when we went into line of battle.

The 14th had not been faced to the south long until the forces that had been engaged with the 15th and the 46th appeared in their front. One piece of McAlister's battery was run up and planted between Companies D and B, and the 14th succeeded in driving back the force approaching from the south and west; but the force from the southeast came upon the 25th Indiana and the 14th Ohio battery in overwhelming numbers, and drove back the 25th Indiana, captured the battery, and poured a volley into the left of the 14th that caused a greater loss in companies B and D, than they sustained in all the rest of the battle.

TUTTLE ASSAULTED.

The Rebels assaulted Tuttle's brigade from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m., again and again, only to be repulsed with tremendous loss.

A CONTINUOUS LINE.

By 12 m. a continuous line was formed from Sherman's right, which rested on the banks of Snake creek, up through W. H. L. Wallace's camp, through the east end of Veatch's camps, up to where the Hamburg road debouches from the lower Corinth road. Up to 2 p. m., the Rebels tried every part of this line, only to find that it was impregnable.

THE LEFT TO BE TURNED.

They then began to mass for a final conflict on the left. Chalmers had attacked Steward on the extreme left of the Federal line. About 9 o'clock Sunday morning, ~~the~~ ^a battery came to his aid. Thus he planted on his right, supported by the 71st Ohio. He had requested aid of Hurlburt and W. H. L. Wallace as soon as the battle opened in the morning, and he had been anxiously awaiting its appearance until now, and it was not yet in sight, for Gen. McArthur who had started to his support with two regiments, had met Jackson's Rebel brigade and after fighting it until after 2 p. m., had been finally repulsed.

STEWARD'S TIME HAD COME.

Steward now saw a force three times his number, that he knew to be Rebels by the strange banner which they bore. They immediately opened on him with their artillery. He at once repaired to where he had left his flying artillery, supported by the 71st Ohio, to find, to his intense chagrin that the flying was of double meaning, and applied to infantry as well as to

artillery; for all, horses, cannon and men had fled. He now drew back the 55th Illinois and the 54th Ohio to a bush-covered ridge, where he succeeded in holding his ground until 2 p. m., when his command was forced out.

HURLBURT TO THE RESCUE.

Hurlburt with his 1st and 3d brigades started to the front at a quarter past 8 o'clock a. m. He passed to the rear of Prentiss, who was then forming his division in the old road bed, as we have already explained. He formed the 1st brigade near the south side of a field, the 41st Illinois on the left, the 3d Iowa to the right, and the 28th and 32d Illinois in the center. The 3d brigade commanded by Brigadier General Lowman, was placed between the right of the 1st brigade and the left of Prentiss. The 3d brigade faced east; the 1st brigades right touched the left of the 3d, but faced south. This was for the protection of Prentiss' left, and it was three-fourths of a mile to Steward's right. It was not long after these brigades were formed until they were attacked. —

A REBEL SLAUGHTER.

The Rebels were repulsed with such slaughter on the assault in an old field, that when the smoke lifted the 3d Iowa opened fire again, because there were so many dead lying in line the Iowa boys thought that they had lain down for protection.

This repulsed was so disastrous and disheartening to the Rebels, that a brigade made up of Tennesseans refused to move to the attack again. Breckenridge, aggravated and chagrined, went and told Gen. Johnston, who was now on

the left of the Federal line, that these Tennessee troops would not fight. Gov. Harris, angered at this, went and urged them forward to no purpose.

JOHNSTON'S FATAL CHARGE.

When he had failed, Gen. Johnston followed by Breckenridge and Harris, placed himself at the head, and promised to lead them to victory. This aroused them to such enthusiasm that they followed over the slope, and into the valley and up to the crest where Hurlburt's men were, and drove them back, but in doing it Johnston received a musket ball in the thigh, from which he died in a half hour. ^{Reckless} Gathered up two brigades of Breckenridge's corps, Gen. Wither's and Chatham's divisions, with which he assaulted Hurlburt's two brigades for the fifth time, and succeeded in pushing them back to the river.

GEN. WALLACE'S FAULT.

The pushing of Hurlburt back to Pittsburg on Sunday afternoon was the only real disaster that came to us on Sunday. Our loss in killed and wounded did not compare with the loss of the enemy. We had lost three or four batteries, but not a regiment of men, but the repulse of Hurlburt opening a way for the Rebels to get to Prentiss' rear and compell him to surrender. We asserted that Lew Wallace had ample time to have gotten on the field with his division before 4 p. m., therefore this disaster lies at his door. W. H. L. Wallace was mortally wounded in leading his division out, after he found that Hurlburt had been driven back.

After the surrender of General Prentiss, General Hurlburt with his division, the remainder of

W. H. L. Wallace's division, with Gen. McClerhard, fell back and formed a line of battle that extended from the bluffs at Pittsburg Landing to the bluffs of Snake creek, a mile west. This line covered the road to Crump's Landing and made it possible for Lew Wallace with his division to come up and form connection with the Army of the Tennessee. Capt. Chapman's two thirty-two pound guns were on the bluffs of the Tennessee, overlooking Pittsburg Landing. Capt. Webster got twenty-two guns that had not been landed from the transports, and planted them on the level plateau west of Chapman's guns. These, with what remained of the division's made over fifty pieces of artillery in line. Hurlburt's division was on the extreme left of this last line, Sherman on the right with what remained of W. H. L. Wallace's and McClerhard's divisions in the center. When the Rebels captured Prentiss' about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, they spent half an hour in getting their forces in hand for the final conflict that was to compel the Federal army to surrender or to be pushed into the river. Lieut. T. M. Simmons, who was supposed to have been mortally wounded and was left on the Corinth road, a mile northeast of Shiloh church but who had revived and came to consciousness, counted sixteen regiments of Rebel reserve as they passed down the Corinth road to aid in the completion of the Rebel victory that appeared to be so auspiciously begun on that beautiful April Sabbath. Between half after 5 and 6 o'clock the Rebel forces, horses, foot and artillery, came down on this last line at a sweeping pace, probably confident of a final victory. It was an awful moment for Grant and the army of the Ten-

Tennessee. They knew that here and now was the turning point in the battle. The Rebels also knew that if the army of the Tennessee could not be driven out of this position that all their apparent success, like apples of Sodom, would turn into ashes.

Both armies with their commanders were conscious of the interest at stake, and nerved themselves for the coming conflict. The position taken of the Union army was such that the Rebels must attack from the front. The ground was such that the Union army could lie down and protect itself, while the Rebels must come through an open wood with their right flank exposed to an enfilading fire from the gun boats at the very point where the Union infantry would be likely to deliver their fire. It was about a quarter to six when the command was given and the Union artillery opened fire upon the advancing Rebel columns. At the word of command, for three-fourths of a mile, a lurid blaze of fire and smoke leaped from the muzzles of the Federal guns, sending shot, shell, grape and canister into, and through and through the Rebel ranks. As they came opposite to the ravine running through the bluffs to the river 300 yards north of the landing, the gun boats opened an enfilading fire on their right, and at almost the same moment the Federal infantry leaped up and delivered their fire. A rebel writer says: "Five times we went down into this valley and shadow of death." It was beyond the power of human endurance to stay in front of such a maelstrom of destruction and death. For half an hour a

more furious rattle of small arms or a heavier thunder of artillery had never been heard on this continent, and then, except an occasional shot, all was still. The vaunting Rebel host had shrunk back from before the Army of the Tennessee torn, bleeding, and defeated, and before Ammen's brigade crossed the Tennessee or a Brigade of Lew Wallace's Division came in supporting distance, nearly every officer and man in the Army of the Tennessee felt and knew that the crisis in the battle of Pittsburg Landing had been reached and safely passed—that the morrow would complete what had been so gallantly accomplished in the last hour's fight at Pittsburg Landing on Sunday, the 6th of April, 1862.

The battle of Sunday was practically over by 7.30 p. m., at which time the 36th Indiana Infantry, of Ammen's Brigade, Nelson's Division, Army of the Cumberland, got across the river and came to the top of the bluffs, where it had one man killed and two wounded from scattering shots from Rebel marauders, who lingered near the last scene of conflict, to rob the living and the dead.

That the Rebels did make an attack upon the whole Federal line around Pittsburg Landing, from 4 to 6:30 p. m. We show by the following quotations from the official records. The words italicized will call attention to forces and general officers present as given in Rebel reports, though when some of their reports were written a month after the battle, from personal animosities to Beauregard, and a determination at his expense to make the best showing they could.

Their statements are purposely obscure. It will be borne in mind that Gen. Johnston's son claims that if the Rebel army had been pushed ahead, from the time his father fell, until night, no power could have saved the Union army from capture or being driven into the river. We rise here to say that when Prentiss was captured and dispatched to the rear at 5 p. m., that *it was more than an hour until sundown, and an hour and a half till twilight.*

BRAGG'S ACCOUNT.

Bragg says on page 466, Vol. 10, Official Records: "As soon as our troops could be again formed (humbug, they were already formed) and put in motion, the order was given to move forward at all points and sweep the enemy from the field. * * * Just at this time an order was received from the commanding General to retire from the field." Col. Robert A. Cheselman, Gen. Beauregard's *ade-camp* says, *The order was not issued until six o'clock.*" It is claimed that Beauregard was at Shiloh meeting house when he issued it. Shiloh church was three miles away from Pittsburg Landing, so, that it would take a half hour to deliver the order, that would bring us up to the twilight hour, that is claimed as the hour of retirement by Bragg and all his coadjutors. *Bragg admits that before the order came for them to retire, that the movement commenced with every prospect of success, though a heavy battery in our front (Webster's guns) and the gun boats on our right seemed determined to dispute every inch of ground.*

We suspect that they had more to do with the

retirement of the Rebel forces, than Gen. Beauregard's order had.

PATOND ANDERSON'S DELICATE ACCOUNT OF IT.

Gen. Ruggeles directed me to take a road that was not far to my left, and moved down toward the river. I had not proceeded far when overtaking me he ordered a halt until some artillery could be taken to the front, when he would give further directions. Soon after halting several brigades two of Gen. Polks and Hardies command, filed across the road in front of me (there must have been sixteen regiments that Capt. Simons counted moving down to the attack on Pittsburg Landing) and moved off to the left at a right angle to the road, and commenced forming line of battle. Several batteries passed down the road in the direction of Pittsburg Landing. One soon returned and filed into the field where the infantry was forming. The enemies gunboats now opened fire. Gen. Ruggeles now ordered me to move forward and gain a little hollow to the right, when I called a halt. We occupied this position ten or fifteen minutes, when one of Gen. Ruggeles staff ordered me to retire to the enemy's camps, beyond the range of his guns. In filing off from this position, several men were killed and many wounded by the exploding shells of the enemy." Vol. 10, page 499.

POOL MODESTLY MENTIONS HE WAS THERE.

"My command then with a portion of the brigade moved forward as far within range of the heavy guns of the Tennessee river, when we were for some time exposed to the enemy's shells.

One or two of my command were either killed or mortally wounded while under the fire."

AUGUSTUS RICHARD'S REPORTS.

"On my way I met Gen. Breckenridge and asked him for further orders, he directed me to join Gen. Chethams brigade, but in case I should not find it, to join any other brigade where I could make myself the most useful. Not finding Gen. Chetham's brigade, and meeting my own commander Paton Anderson, I of course joined his brigade and kept up fighting under his command until the order to retreat was issued."

W. A. STANLY SAYS NIGHT STOPPED IT.

"We were then ordered to join the command in that direction, which was reported to have the enemy badly routed and driving them toward their gunboats. After proceeding some distance we found ourselves in the range of shot and shell fired from the boats of the vicinity. At this point night put an end to the action for the day."

P. FOND BRIGADE COMMANDER REPORTS ON PAGE 518.

"The camp on my right was subsequently abandoned by the enemy (evidently Sweeney's of W. H. L. Wallaces' division) and occupied by our troops, the enemy withdrawing his battery. I heard sharp firing on my right, on that camp in which the 38th Tennessee was engaged before it united with the brigade. The camp to my left continued to be occupied in considerable force, (McArther) as the duty of guarding the left was placed in my hands, and being separated about a quarter of a mile from the forces

immediately on my right. I felt that every rash or inconsiderate advance, or the engagement of my troops might result in the exposure of our left and rear, and therefore made no attack on it. The charge on the enemys battery by which the 18th lost heavily was not in accordance with my judgment. I did it reluctantly and in obedience to pre-emptory orders. If left to myself I had the means of taking it, and would have taken it in twenty minutes after my battery had been brought into action. There was a wide gap between my left and Owl creek. I was alone with my brigade, without anything to support my own rear and left of the general line, and therefore felt it my duty to take every step with extreme caution, and keep my force in hand, to hold Owl creek against any and every contingency.

I would mention that on Sunday evening, just after the firing had ceased, I heard cheering on the river below me, evidently proceeding from a large force, to which my men responded, thinking it to be from their friends, and when the cheering ceased, a band played the air of "Hail Columbia."

Here are several things to be noted, Pond held the left of the Rebel line, that brought him in front of Sherman who when Pond attempted to capture one of his batteries licked him out of his boots. Second, Pond and his men were cognisant of the attack of the Rebel forces on every part of the Union lines after 5 o'clock p. m. on Sunday. When the firing ceased they heard cheering by a large force and evidently took it, that their attack had been successful, from the fact that his men responded to the cheering, un-

til he and they heard the band playing "Hail Columbia" on a boat. I laid on a boat wounded, just about opposite to where the flag staff stands in the National Cemetery, I remember the cheer that went up from that part of the Army of the Tennessee, who were near Pittsburg Landing when the 36th Indiana, the advance of Ammens' brigade landed and came to the top of the bluffs, and that "Hail Columbia" was played.

WITHERS BY BRAGGS' COMMAND TRIES HIS HAND.
PAGES 533-4.

The order was given by Gen. Bragg who was present on the night which ended the fierce fight with the capture of Prentiss to sweep everything forward. Orders were given to brigade commanders to charge the batteries; while orderlies were dispatched to bring reinforcements, when to my astonishment a large portion of the command was observed to move rapidly by the left flank from under fire.

We will be better prepared to understand the reason why these "troops marched by the left flank from under fire," when we hero Chalmers and Jackson, pages 550, 551, 555.

CHALMERS.

"It was about four o'clock in the evening, and after distributing ammunition, we received orders from Gen. Bragg to drive the enemy into the river. My brigade together with that of Brigadier General Jackson, filed to the right, and formed facing the river, and endeavored to press forward to the waters edge, but in attempting to mount the last ridge we were met by a fire from a whole line of batteries protected by infantry and assisted by shells from gunboats. Our men

struggled vainly to ascend the hill, which was very steep, making charge after charge without success, but continued until night closed hostilities on both sides."

It doesn't seem that Beauregard's order issued at Shiloh meeting house, three miles away at 6 p. m., reached these Rebels, until twilight was coming on. Read Paton Anderson's report on page 499 in the light of Gen. Chalmers, and it will be seen that there were other causes, that were more effective in that "left flank movement from under fire" than the order of Gen. Beauregard issued at 6 p. m., three miles from where his troops were then fighting.

JACKSON.

"An officer of the Texas regiment was sent to receive the surrender which he did, along with the swords of officers. Cavalry being sent around to our right, took charge of the prisoners and carried them to the rear. * *

My brigade was ordered to change direction again, face towards Pittsburg, where the enemy appeared to have made a last stand, and to advance upon him, Gen. Chalmer's brigade being again on my right, and extending to the swamps of the Tennessee river. Without ammunition and with only their bayonets to rely on. Steadily my men advanced under a heavy fire from light batteries, siege piece and gunboats. Passing through the ravine, they arrived near the crest of the opposite hill upon which the enemy's batteries were, but could not be urged further without support. Sheltering themselves against the precipitous sides of the ravine, they remained under this fire some time.

Finding an advance without support impracticable, remaining under the fire useless, and believing any further forward movement should be made simultaneously along our whole line. I proceeded to obtain orders from Gen. Withers, but before seeing him was ordered by a staff officer to retire. This order was announced to me as coming from Gen. Beauregard, and was promptly communicated to my command."

LET US SEE WHAT TIME IT NOW WAS.

"In the darkness of the night which had fallen upon us, my regiments became separated from each other etc."

It will be remembered by the reader that when they were whipped on Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock and after, Johnston's son, William Preston and Bragg assumed that Beauregard did not push the fight after the fall of Gen. A. S. Johnston at 2:30 p. m. Beauregard and his friends claim that they did push the fight up to 6 o'clock p. m., and after, all of which is abundantly proved by the authorities we here quote, and is a matter of personal knowledge to every man of the Army of the Tennessee, who stood in that last line from Pittsburg Landing to the bluffs overlooking the bridge on Snake creek.

CONCLUSION.

As a conclusion we introduce the statement of Col. Alexander, Robert Chishlom, and a de-camp on Gen. Beauregard's staff. He writes a letter to refute the statements made by Hardee, Bragg and William Preston Johnston, that the fall of Gen. A. S. Johnston and Beauregard's order to retire from the fight on Sunday, cheated the

Rebels out of a well won victory at Shiloh.

Col. Chisholm states and corroborate his statements with ample evidence, that the order to cease fighting and retire for the night, was not given until about 6 o'clock in the afternoon on Sunday when the Rebels had been under fire for twelve hours, and while Gen. Hardee's corps was still fighting, when the order was issued at 6 p. m. (the Federal line was from Pittsburg Landing to the bluffs of Snake creek) his corps had been brought to a definite stand still, and was badly broken and scattered, and an effort to urge it forward was a signal failure. He said the same was true of Bragg's and Polk Corps. In the last hour the Army of the Tennessee had won a signal victory.

FORCES AT CLOSE OF DAY.

Pond's Rebel Brigade took up a position a mile west of Sherman's line, covering the ford over Owl Creek to Purdy, in order to protect the left flank of the Rebel Army. Chalmers with his men, spent the night in the old field that Hurlburt's headquarters were in, and where Prentiss surrendered, to watch and protect that Rebel's right. The remainder of the army stayed in our camps that lay between where he and Pond was. What was left of W. H. L. Wallace's Division bivouacked in that portion of their camp that was inside of the last Federal line of battle. What remained of Prentiss's men spent the night with Hurlburt's Division, in front of the reserve artillery, near the bluffs. McClernard's Division spent the night along the east face of W. H. L. Wallace's camps, while Sherman's Division bivouacked on the last line of battle.

We go to the trouble of writing the history of the battles of Shiloh, because much that is passing through the press, is more fiction than fact.

To illustrate, we read recently a letter with a man's name signed to it, stating that when the Rebels attacked Hilderbrand's brigade, Col. Apler, of the 53d Ohio, rode up to his men before they had been fired on and cried out, "Yonder they come, men take care of yourselves;" when they rose up and poured a volley into Waterhouse's battery and fled. Col. Waterhouse happens to live in this city. When I read this statement, I went and asked him about it. He said that the 52d played the paltroun, but that they did not run before they were fired upon, neither did they pour a volley into his battery as they fled.

Gen. Nelson got his Division over the river by midnight Sunday night. They bivoused until day began to break, on the north margin of the little creek, up which one of the gunboats fired Sunday afternoon—it was 300 or 400 yards south of Hurlburt's lines. Crittenden got two brigades of his Divison up before day. Monday morning, and McCook came up with two of his before Nelson and Crittenden had got into motion after their formation, and before McCook had any fighting to do, his Third Brigade got up.

GROUND ASSIGNED.

It was agreed beteen Buell and Grant that Buell should take the territory that lay to the east of the lower Corinth road, while his army should cover the ground west of it. It took all of Buell's men to cover the ground assigned

them, and that was less than one-half of it, so the Division of W. H. L. Wallace, now under command of Gen. Tulle, was lent to the Army of the Cumberland as a reserve force. The 15th Michigan, of Prentiss's Division, was lent to McCook's Division. We throw these facts in here to show that the Army of the Tennessee was not a disorganized mob after its fight on Sunday, as history, made up from the reports of fugitives and angry newspaper reporters, has made it appear. The right wing of the Federal army was, on the extreme right, Lew Wallace's Division, which had got up, and moved through W. H. L. Wallace's camps, and taken up a position on the east side of Briar Creek near where it puts into Snake Creek. Sherman was on his left and McClelland on Sherman's left, while Hurlburt marched his division to the support of the Army of the Tennessee, as Tuttle did the 2d Division, as a support to the Army of the Cumberland.

FORMATION OF THE ARMY.

When Nelson moved to the attack, he formed Ammens on his left, Bruce in the center, and ~~Hazen~~ on the right. Crittenden formed Smith's Brigade on the right of Nelson, Gen. J. T. Boyle's Brigade formed to the right and rear of Smith's while McCook was to wait in the lower Corinth road, so that when Nelson and Crittenden had doubled the Rebel line back, he could press them on the south side of the lower Corinth road up to Shiloh.

As was said, when Nelson moved Ammen's Brigade, he found that the Rebels had gotten together Gladden's Brigade, Den's Regiment, and a part of Jackson's Brigade and three batteries, who were enabled to promptly check Ammen. Nelson now waited for Crittenden to perfect his formation. When this was done, Nelson essayed to move forward again, and was again driven back. He was without artillery. Buell sent him Mendenhall's Battery which promptly silenced one of the Rebel Batteries. Hazen's Brigade charged and took the guns, driving the gunners from their guns. But Martin's Rebel Brigade was just then coming up to the support of this part of the Rebel line. He caused his brigade to lie down until the Rebel gunners had passed to the rear, when his men rose and charged Hazen, driving him back and recapturing the guns. Hazen's Brigade was nearly annihilated. The driving back of Hazen's Brigade exposed the flank of Bruce's Brigade, and Smith's of Crittenden's Division.

NELSON HARD PUSHED.

Ammen was now sorely pressed, but Buell sent Terrill's battery to his relief. It dashed to the front, and became a target for the concentrated fire of the Rebel batteries. He was compelled to retire; but as he did so, at every favorable opportunity, he would halt, unlimber, and pour a storm of grape and cannister into the long line of Rebel infantry that were attempting to charge.

FIRST DAY MEN TO THE RESCUE.

Gen. Tuttle now sent the 2nd Iowa around the left of Ammen's brigade, to take the Rebels that were pushing him back, in flank. At the same time the 40th Illinois of Sherman's Divis-

ion, which had become detached from its command and had fallen in with Tuttle, was sent to the support of Terrill's battery which enabled it to come into battery, and these combined forces drove the Rebels from Ammen's front to trouble him no more.

While the events narrated were going on, Smith, of Crittenden's Division, had sent skirmishers across an open field to the edge of a wood. Smith's skirmishers now fell back to the brigade lines, but when sent back, while Bartlett's battery opened upon and silenced the Rebel battery. A line of Rebel infantry now appeared in the edge of the woods, and the skirmishers were called back, while Bartlett's battery swept the woods with grape and canister, Boyle's brigade charged and drove their infantry out of the woods into an old field, and into the woods beyond. But as a heavy cavalry force appeared at the end of the field, Boyle withdrew his force.

A DASH AND CRITTENDEN'S WORK IS DONE.

After an hour of quiet, a furious attack was made on Smith's brigade. Smith soon repulsed them when a running fight took place. Smith's brigade became a column of attack. The fearlessly brave in the front—another and larger class behind these, and a good many lingered far to the rear. The Rebels perceiving this, turned on Smith, repulsed and drove him nearly to the place from whence he started, when he succeeded in rallying his men and again drove the Rebels to within 600 yards of their battery. Here, in a ravine, Smith halted with his brigade until Mendenhall could come up and bring his battery into action, when Smith again charged captured and held the Rebel battery. This ended the battle in Crittenden's front.

THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

Gen. Lew Wallace, who was on the Federal right at dawn discovered Ketchum's Rebel battery. Almost at the moment that Wallace discovered it, the 20th Ohio discharged their guns in order to clean and reload them. This drew the fire of Pond's Rebel brigade. After a short but sharp fight, Pond was alarmed to discover that he was nearly a mile from a Rebel supporting column and he drew off. Grant now directed Wallace with his brigades in echelon, to push his 1st brigade to the front, and left, the 3rd to the right and rear, thus sweeping the banks of Snake and Owl Creeks, and coming out in the fields in the rear of Sherman's camps.

SHERMAN IN THE FRAY.

4 Sherman's Division on Monday morning was composed of Buckland's brigade complete. Col. Steward had in hand the 55th Illinois and 54th Ohio, and a portion of the 71st Ohio. The 13th Missouri that on Sunday had become detached and fought on Sunday with McClelland, was regained, and added to what adhered of the 57th and 77th Ohio, of Col. Hilderbrand's brigade, while Taylor, Chief of Artillery, brought into line Wood's battery. This force marched to the neighborhood of where Lew Wallace was engaged.

McCLELLAND.

McClelland moved across Briar Creek and formed his line to the left, but not connecting with Sherman. McAlister's battery was brought up and engaged a Rebel battery in front of the camps of McClelland's 1st brigade's camp.

It is needless to dilate upon the operations of Lew Wallace, Sherman and McClelland. Wal-

lace's and Sherman's Divisions had some hot work, and were equal to every emergency, and were never stopped on Monday. McClenard was checked three times. The 53d and 81st Ohio having formed with his division on Monday morning, when they got into a tight place, "let all holds go" and ran.

By one o'clock McCook, with his well-closed and handled division, McClenard and Sherman, with their attenuated and persistent divisions, and Wallace, with his fresh and compact division, with Bouton's, McAlister's, Wood's, Thompson's and Thurber's batteries, formed a curved line, concentrated upon the convex line of Rebels, composed in part of Clark's Division, Wood's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Ruggle's Division and Jackson's Brigade, with Ketchum's, Byrne's, Bankhead's and other batteries.

AN ELOQUENT DESCRIPTION.

Ammunition was becoming exhausted. Buckland withdrew his brigade to fill their boxes. Steward's brigade, now commanded by Kirby Smith plunged forward and made up with renewed vigor for diminishing numbers. Wallace's left flank was exposed, and the 11th Indiana changed front and faced the danger on its flank. The 1st Nebraska, having used their last cartridge, the 76th Ohio stepped into its place. Thompson's battery having expended its last round, Thurber's guns took their places so quickly that there was no apparent intermission in the fire. The 20th Ohio was sent off to the right to meet a force springing up in that quarter. With a sudden charge at close range, they dashed through a fringe of brush, and drove a battery from the field.

THE LAST CHARGE.

The Union army in turn became more aggressive, and as the Rebels were being stoutly pushed all along their left, Gen. Grant came up to the 14th regiment Illinois volunteers Veatch's brigade, Hurlbut's division, and said to Colonel Hall that if a charge was made from his position, on the Rebel lines they would be completely driven from the field. Gen. Grant accompanied the regiment in this charge. As the General anticipated, when the 14th came dashing in on the Rebels with fixed and gleaming bayonets, accompanied with rousing cheers for Grant and Hall as they galloped along at their front, many of the Rebels threw away their guns and tried their utmost to get away as fast and as far as possible. This is no fancy sketch it is literally true. Gen. Veatch said in his official report "Col. Hall of the 14th Illinois, with his regiment, led that gallant charge Monday evening, which drove the enemy beyond our lines and closed the struggle on that memorable day." Thus ended the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, fought between the largest armies and was the hardest fought battle, and the most destructive to life that had ever been fought on the American continent up to that time.

No rumor of the foe's advance

Now swells upon the wind:

No troubled thought at midnight haunts

Of loved ones left behind.

No vision of to-morrow's strife.

The warrior's dread alarms,

No braying horn of screaming life

At dawn shall call to arms.

Rest on, embalm'd and sainted dead,

Dead as the blood ye gave.

No impious footsteps here shall tread

The herbage of your grave,

Nor shall your glory be forgot

While fame her record keeps,

Or posterity the undimmed light

Malignity of Buell and his general officers. Nelson gets to Savannah at 12 m. April 5, and Buell at sundown but he did not report to Grant. Grant orders Nelson's division up river road to opposit Pittsburg Landing at 7 a. m. on the 6th but Buell holds them in Savannah till 1 p. m. Buell over estimates the stragglers. And he was assisted on the 7th by more than a division of Infantry from Grant's army all of which he fails to mention in his reports. Recapitulation and reflections as to whether the federals were surprised, and who was responsible for placing the Army on the west side of the river, and was it wise or otherwise?

The conduct of the officers in command of the Army of the Ohio divisions and brigades, are remarkable for their selfishness and injustice in many ways; first, they have studiously kept from the general public, that General Nelson's division arrived at Savannah, Tennessee, only nine miles away from Pittsburg Landing, at 12 m., Saturday the 5th of April, 1862, and that Gen. Nelson did not move it out of Savannah until 1 o'clock p. m.

If they were across the river at 5 o'clock p. m., (which they were not) if they had started promptly at 8 o'clock, they would have been there at 12 m., an hour before they actually started from Savannah. It is in order for Gen. Buell and his subordinates to rise and explain. General Rawlins says they were so ordered before 7 p. m., Vol. 10 Official Record, pages 184 and 185.

Second. While Gen. Buell got into Savannah at sundown, (5:35 p. m.) on Saturday, the 5th of April, from unfriendliness, because Grant was in command of the expedition, or from some other cause he did not report his presence at Savannah, Vol. 10, pages 185 and 331.

Third. He and all his general officers greatly exaggerate the stragglers at the Landing. Gen. Hovey in an address before the Farragut Post, G. A. R., in Jan. 8, 1882; said they put it at 20,000. Whitelaw Reed in his correspondence to the New York *Tribune* puts them at 5,000, and remarks that it was not an unusual number for the size of the army engaged, and the fierceness of the conflict. The strip of bottom land that terminates at the mouth of the ravine up which the road now goes, is not a hundred feet wide. Soldiers guarded the approaches to all the vessels, and a road was kept open for the ingress and egress of wagons and ambulances for a fourth of a mile up and down that strip of land, and with the road kept open twenty feet wide, 5,000, nor half of it could not be packed upon that narrow strip of land. Half of the soldiers that were there, were on detailed duty or were more or less severely wounded. Deckhands from the steam boats with blue flannel shirts on, suttlers and teamsters to the number of 500 or 600 were there, the most of them with army overcoats on, and would be mistaken for stragglers, so that I am convinced that there was never at any time on Sunday 2,000 stragglers from the army engaged at the front to be seen from one point. I do not pretend to say that there were not 5,000 who skulked from duty in the ranks on Sunday, but they were so distributed that Gen. Buell or none of his General officers ever saw 1,000 real stragglers at a time. By reference to Colonel Whittaker's report Vol. 10, page 346. There was a time when Col. W. C. Hazen commanding the 19th brigade, Nelson's division straggled so that Gen. Nelson offered \$50 for his finding, wounded or dead.

But what we have started to say is, that neither Buell, Nelson, Ammen, Crittenden, Rosseau Hazen or Bruce has grace or gratitude and enough to acknowledge that they were assisted by any part of the army of the Tennessee. Though they were aided by the 9th, 12th, 14th, 15th, 40th and 46th Illinois, by the 2d, 7th and 13th Iowa, 25th Indiana and 14th Wisconsin. Here was a force of more than one division of infantry, that was loaned to the Army of the Cumberland on Monday, the 7, of April, 1862, and there is two or three places if it had not been for the timely aid and cool daring of the regiments loaned them from the Army of the Tennessee, results would have been disastrous.

The first of them to which we call attention is the Ammens' brigade had been checked for the second time by the Rebels, and it, and Terrill's battery was sorely pressed when Hazen had been knocked out of the fight, and Bruce's right flank was left in the air, Ammen and Terrill were being driven back and the long infantry lines of the Rebels, were giving unmistakable signs of an intent to charge and capture Terrill's battery, the 40th Illinois came to its support and enabled it to come into battery, and do that splendid fighting that covered it with glory, and the men of the Tennessee are glad that it achieved for itself a distinction that challenged the admiration of both armies. At the same time the 40th Illinois was supporting Terrills' battery, the 2d Iowa by command of Gen. Tuttle, passed round the left flank of Ammen's brigade and charged the Rebels in flank and started them on the retrograde, when Ammen's men turned and with the assistance of the 2d Iowa effectually

drove them from their front, yet neither Buell, Nelson, Ammen or Terrill had manhood enough to give those regiments the faintest mention while they poison their reports with exaggerated reports of struggling which they never saw.

While Col. Smith in command of one of Crittenden's brigades barely mentions C. J. Wood of the 14th Wisconsin, and while this Wisconsin regiment took, retaken and retained a Rebel battery, he reports it in such a way as to leave the impression on the minds of an informed reader, that it was taken, retaken and held by the men of his own command.

McCook acknowledges the fact, that when he was hard pressed and his left flank was exposed, before Crittenden had made connection with him, he called on Col. Veatch in command of the 2d brigade of the 4th division of the Army of the Tennessee, who came with two regiments the 14th Illinois and the 25th Indiana, but Gen. McCook fails to tell what Veatch and his men did. We let Veatch tell it, page 221, Vol. 10:

"About 10 o'clock I received the order of Gen. Hurlburt, to move forward and hold my brigade as a reserve on the right. We moved up to within close supporting distance of our forces on the right and remained in position until noon, when Gen. McCook sent a request that I should move to the left, and close a part of the line that had been left exposed by the forward movement of our troops. This change brought us up to Colonel Ross' headquarters, where we remained awaiting orders until in the afternoon.

Major General Grant now ordered me forward to charge the enemy. I formed my brigade in column of battalions and moved forward in double

quick through our deserted camps, and to a thick woods beyond our lines in pursuit of the retreating enemy, following him until we were in advance of our other forces, and were ordered to fall back by Gen. Buell. In this charge the men exhibit great spirit, and moved in a manner worthy of the highest admiration. It was made at the right moment to preserve the flank on the right, and to prevent the enemy taking advantage of our broken lines."

"It left the brigade (or two regiments, 14th Illinois and 25th Indiana, that was not detached in a position) where soon after General Grant ordered them to make that last charge that drove the enemy beyond our lines. Gen. Veatch said Vol. 10, page 222. Col. Hall of the 14th Illinois led with his regiment that gallant charge on Monday evening, which drove the enemy beyond our lines, and closed the struggle of that memorable day."

While we write this, it is not with malice in our hearts toward the Army of the Ohio, it was made up of brave and true men, that for gallantry in battle made a record that they need not be ashamed of. But the fighting on Sunday, by the Army of the Tennessee with as dashing and brave men, as the Army of the Cumberland or that of the Tennessee were, in holding that Southern army equal in bravery and deeds of daring, who had a numerical superiority of from 18,000 to 20,000 more men than we had, for twelve hours, only losing one and a half miles of ground and finally when concentrated for the first time on Sunday in one compact and continuous line, a mile and a half in length around Pittsburg Landing, repulsing the enemy so com-

pletely, that he fell back a mile and a half from their front, and waited to be attacked, tells of close sharp fighting, on Sunday, that was not called for on Monday, when we had a superiority in point of numbers, and when the Rebels massed around Shiloh all his forces and tried the tactics on us, with which we had repelled them on Sunday evening.

It is time for the Army of the Ohio to rise up above its spite and jealousy and do the Army of the Tennessee justice.

On Sunday morning, when we were first taken to the front, the 14th was detached from the rest of the brigade when we were within a mile of the Shiloh church. We were taken to the east of the Corinth road just in the edge of the timber and to the left of the battery, to protect the left flank of our brigade until it was supposed that McClelland had secured and could hold his position. Here company D lost its first man killed in battle, B. F. Mytinger was killed while we were charging front. We were then moved back west, facing south and joined on to the left our proper place in the brigade; company D's left resting on the Corinth road, and company B still to our left the 25th Indiana and 4th Ohio batteries left of us. We had not been long in this position until a body of men were seen coming down the road. Firing commenced at once; though they had a flag it was furled. As they were dressed in blue coats, the officers thought they were Sherman's men coming in and commanded "cease firing." When they had approached within about one hundred yards of us, they unfurled their colors, when, lo, and behold, it was the

Rebel rag. It was saluted with a volley from us and went down the first fire, but was snatched up by one and another of their color guard until three of them had hit the dust. We checked them the first fire. We then began to advance slowly as they gave back. When this had been going on ten or fifteen minutes, a piece of McCallister's battery was run into the road between companies D and B to take a part in the fray. It was at this point that John Dunn, first corporal of the company, was killed, shot through the left breast. He was in his place in the front rank, just to my left, when the ball struck him, he said to me, "I have tried to do my duty." I replied, "You have done it to my entire satisfaction." I ordered the orderly sergeant to help him to the rear. The sergeant took him just behind the rear rank and laid him down, and he was dead. Suddenly, Corporal Hogan sprung to my side and taking me by the arm, he exclaimed, "Lord, Captain, look yonder!" At the same time jerking me around so that I faced the east. There, right on our left flank, not more than fifty yards away, were acres and acres of Rebels in the act of bringing their guns from a right shoulder shift to the position of aim, when I looked about I found that the brigade was gone. There was nothing left to resist this terrible flank movement but **My** and Captain Smith's companies and the piece of artillery. Being the officer in rank I at once gave the command, "cease firing, about face, double quick march." Just as I had turned half way round, with my left foot up, a musket ball passed through the calf of my left leg, coming out just below the knee joint, in the fore part of the leg, on the left side of the leg bone, breaking off the tibia,

AFTER THE BATTLE.

When the Rebels sent that terrible volley in to companies B and D, had they not stopped to straighten their lines they would have captured us. Adj't McKnight did not hear the order for the brigade to fall back. He came up to me as I was being borne to the rear and enquiring for the regiment.

I saw the regimental surgeon and hailed him, as orderlies Bibb and Tunstell took me to the rear, but the doctor was very busily engaged in taking care of the greatest number, number one. Bibb and Tunstell took me to the bottom of a ravine that was some three hundred yards to the northwest of when we were formed across the lower Corinth road. As we rested for a few minutes in the ravine a little pony of a man from McAllisters' battery came along and asked me to get on his back, which I did, and he carried me to the top of the hill where we were met by the commissary sergeant, of the 46th Illinois, on a pony. He dismounted and helped me to mount his animal, and Bibb and Tunstell started to return to the company; the quarter master sergeant of the 46th accompanied me to regimental quarters. When we arrived, a part of McClernand's division was engaged just across an old cotton field a fourth of a mile west of the camp. The few men, who were on the sick list, hitched up the company's team and took me to Pittsburgh Landing a mile, and a half east and north. It was afternoon when we arrived. Gen. Grant had been to the front and taken in the situation, and the line of artillery, that four or five hours later so effectively checked the Rebels, was already being formed. Chapman's 32 pound

guns were on the extreme left, next the river.

The writer is satisfied that if Buell's army had never come, that this line at the river was one of such strength that the army of the Tennessee could and would have held it. We doubt whether we could have wrested our old camps from them, but they never could have driven us out of this position.

There were a great many stragglers already under the bluff. We do not think there were ever more than a thousand men there, as the flat between the bluff and the river was not more than four rods wide and not more than a quarter of a mile long. Many of these were wounded men. The newspaper accounts were mostly sensational, and these were taken up by those who desired to displace Grant.

The reporters were specially unfriendly to Gen. Sherman as he was to them, and we think that there can be no doubt but that they intended to hurt him.

The reporters magnified the surprise, for surprise it was to a certain extent, but everything except the magnificent and stubborn fighting on both sides was exaggerated by Grant's enemies. Five thousand stragglers, half of them wounded, out of an army of 36,000 men is nothing unusual. At the end of the first day's battle, the army of the Tennessee was not a disorganized mob, as the public was led to believe. True Prentiss' division was pretty well used up and a few fresh regiments were effectually disorganized, and under the circumstances it was no discredit to their patriotism or bravery. They fought as stubbornly as did the older regiments until, like the others,

they were forced back. Then, unlike the older regiments, they did not know how to preserve their organization, but the army of the Tennessee was not disorganized or conquered. True, the half of Prentiss' division was captured. W. A. L. Wallace was mortally wounded, but his division was intact, as were three brigades of Sherman's division, McClelland's and Hurlbut's division.

They were reduced in numbers but not as bad in proportion as the Rebel divisions were. To show how the Rebels were repulsed and intimidated, it is only necessary to remind the reader that after the repulse Sunday evening they fell back to Hurlbut's and W. H. L. Wallace's camps a mile and a half away from Pittsburg Landing, and there General Nelson found them Monday morning.

A. J. Worcester was promoted from a private to orderly sergeant in company D, for meritorious conduct on the field, and like T. A. Weisner and G. W. Bates won lieutenant's bars before the war was over.

The movement up the river was unquestionably due to Grant's importunities, his desire for it was such, he went to Nashville to interest Buell in it. But since the fall of Henry and Donelson, Buell was so jealous of Grant's rising star that he would not consent and when the district of Mississippi was formed that placed a large body of his troops under Halleck's jurisdiction, Buell raised so many objections and when he began to move it was so slow that Halleck complained (official record, vol. 7, page 855) there is a glorious opportunity to strike a fatal blow, but I can't do it unless I can control Buell's army.

While Grant was at Nashville, some one wrote to Stanton that he was absent from duty without leave, and that his troops were marauding, the officers at Donelson did not report numbers and position of troops as often as Halleck, though they ought to, (official records, vol. 10 part 2, page 15), for anonymous letters to Judge David Davis and Halleck's report to Grant of McClelland's suggestion to arrest him. See pages 14 and 15. Nelson's division arrived at Savannah, Saturday the 6th of April, 1862, at 12 m., and were ordered to move up the river road opposite Pittsburg at 7 o'clock a. m., April 6, but was held in Savannah until 1 p. m., by Nelson and Buell. Buell arrived at Savannah Saturday at sundown, but did not report to Grant, (vol. 10, pages 184, 185, 330, 331 and 332).

Halleck orders the movement up the Tennessee, but was so intent on having all the military glory, that he forbids the bringing on of a general engagement, (vol. 7, pages 679 to 683), reiterates order not to bring on general engagement, (vol. 10, pages 32, 33, 50 and 64).

Nearly all of Grant's critics claims that he ought to kept the country for ten miles to his front clear of the enemy. This was impossible for four reasons: First, the enemy's cavalry force was superior to his. Second, his cavalry was broken up into small detachments and a detachment assigned to each division commander. Third, from Stewart on the left to Adamsville where one of Lew Wallace's brigade was encamped, was eight miles. Fourth, if his whole cavalry force had been organized into a division, and under the command of some efficient caval-

ry leader, as commanders learned to do later on in the war, they would still have been too weak to cope with the superiority of the Rebel cavalry in numbers and acting on territory that they were acquainted with, among people friendly to their cause, this gave them an immense superiority over Grant's cavalry. All things considered from later experience, it is a wonder that Grant's cavalry accomplished half as much as it did.

On Saturday afternoon Prentiss sent Colonel Moore with the 21st Missouri on a reconnoissance three miles to the southwest, along the Monterey road, he returned to camp at 7 o'clock, p. m., and reported no enemies visible within three miles. (Vol. 10, page 282).

Powell, Moor & Woodward held the rebels in check until a quarter before 8 a. m. official Record Vol. 10, p. 283-332

Peabody commander of the brigade that sent out Major Powell at midnight, was killed as was Major Powell early in the battle, and made no reports, consequently we have to content ourselves with next best testimony that we can get, i. e., living witnesses who participated in scenes described. On these points we introduce the testimony of Col. Quinn, of the 12th Michigan Infantry, who succeeded to the command of the brigade after Peabody's death, and to that of the division after Prentiss' capture. Second, the testimony of Ed. Gordon. Third, that of David Baker. Fourth, of Hurlburt. Fifth, D. C. Anderson and others:

"At 3 o'clock on Sunday morning (?) several companies were ordered out from the 1st brigade to watch, and endeavor if possible to capture a

force of the enemy who were prowling near our camp. Our brave boys marched out, and had not over three miles to go before they met the enemy, and immediately a sharp firing commenced, our little force giving ground. About daylight the dead and wounded began to be brought in. The firing grew closer and closer, till it became manifest that a heavy force was upon us.—(Colonel F. Quinn, 12th Michigan regiment, commanding 5th division).

Now let us hear from the left center of Sherman's division. Ed A. Gordon, of the 57th Ohio volunteer infantry, says: 'On Saturday morning, April 5, 1862, company A, of the 57th Ohio Infantry, was detailed for picket duty. The day was warm, bright and clear, and we were pleased with the prospect for some long range target practice—an occasional shot at the Confederate pickets, who had been very bold on Thursday and Friday. There was quite a skirmish beyond the picket lines on Friday afternoon, and some four or five of the Confederates were taken prisoners. They were put in the old log Shiloh church, and as we had never seen one, that evening we thronged around the church and talked through the cracks between the logs with them, and a bold, defiant lot of fellows we found them. One of them said to me 'You'uns will catch hell to-morrow!' It afforded me food for thought, and the next morning, when relieving, I asked the retiring pickets if they had seen any Rebels. They said that had, 'lots of 'em!' and showed us where to look for them. Sure enough, it was but a little while before we saw several horsemen about half a mile in front,

and commenced firing at them quite briskly, when they soon disappeared. It was kept up, however, all day long; our company certainly fired more than a hundred shots on that day. The officer of the day came around, and we reported to him what we were doing. I also informed him what the prisoner had said the night before, and gave him my opinion that we had a large force in our front, because many of the horsemen appeared to be officers with field glasses reconnoitering our position, rather than cavalry trying to capture or kill our pickets. This state of facts were reported to regimental, brigade and division headquarters before noon, many of our men had

their Enfield rifles at the top notch, while many of the crack marksmen had gone far down in front, in order to get a closer shot, and we saw many horses jump and thought that several fellows were hit during the day. At times quite a squad of horsemen would come out into the open woods and look through their glasses at our position; then the boys would fire at them, and away they would stamper. Again in the afternoon, these facts were reported to headquarters, and I think Colonel Sullivan of the 48th Ohio, who was division officer of the day came out and inspected affairs. He was much interested, and rode off to headquarters pretty lively, I think a reconnoissance was sent out from his brigade, but am not certain, as they did not pass our line.

"That evening, as far as the eye could reach, through the open woods in our front, we could see hundreds of fires built by the Rebel troops. I remember trying to count the stars overhead.

I was sergeant of the post in the main Corinth road, which came from Pittsburg Landing, out past Shiloh church, and we were from a mile to perhaps a mile and a half beyond our brigade line of camps, which were established not far from the old log church. It was a long, dreary night to me. The Rebel camp-fires seen early in the evening had made a strong impression upon us, and after talking the matter over around the picket fires that night, we pretty generally came to the conclusion that there was going to be a fight in the morning. Long before daylight—perhaps about 3 o'clock—we heard the tramp of quite a body of men and horses coming out the road from camp. We did not know who they were, but every gun was cocked on our post and we were on the alert. How distinctly I remember the start it gave me when we halted them, at the answer Maj. Powell gave to the challenge, 'Who goes there?' (Maj. Powell, in command of three companies of the 25th Missouri.) My first thoughts were that all Missourians were secesh, and began to wonder how they got inside our lines; but the major advanced, gave the countersign, and explained the situation; said they were going out to catch some Rebels for breakfast. We told him what we had seen and done the day before, and also of the camp-fires in the evening, and advised him to be careful, as there were more Rebels than he could handle. We also advised him where their outpost was. They passed on out of the road, but had not gone half a mile, when bang! bang! bang! we heard their guns and saw the flash of their fire, and the battle of Shiloh was there and

then, about 4 o'clock Sunday morning, April 6, 1862, commenced. Major Powell and his men fought well, and at first drove the Rebels, but soon his wounded came streaming back with word that he wanted help, and it was not long before some more troops went out to help him. By this time it was daylight. Just as the sun came up, company A. was relieved by company G, of the 57th Ohio, and our company marched back to camp, leaving a good deal of firing between the troops under Powell and our pickets on one side, and the Rebels on the other. This firing was severe and could be plainly heard by us all the way back to camp, and should have been notice enough to prevent any one being surprised.

BAKER SAYS.

"I take the liberty of writing a few lines about the battle of Shiloh as I saw it. I was a member of company F, 23d regiment Missouri volunteer infantry, 2d brigade of Prentiss' division. The brigade was composed of the following regiments: 21st and 25th Missouri, the 12th Michigan and the 6th Wisconsin, commanded by Colonel Evert Peabody, of the 25th Missouri. This brigade occupied the right of Prentiss' division, and the 25th Missouri the right of the brigade. We were camped about two miles from the landing on the Tennessee river. There was a space of about 300 or 400 yards, extending from our right to Sherman's left, that was not occupied by any troops. We had been in this position about a week when that bloody battle began. I went on camp guard on Saturday morn-

ing. Major Powell, of the 25th Missouri, was brigade officer of the day, and at 12 o'clock Saturday night he came to the guard quarters. The two reliefs of the guard not on duty turned out, and after the usual salute he gave the command to right-face—forward by file right—march! We accordingly marched out of camp. He said that he had heard from good authority that a squad of Rebel cavalry had gone into camp at an old house one and one-half miles from our camp, and he wanted to take them in "out of the wet." He told us to keep cool, and ordered us forward. We were on what was called the Corinth road.

The night was very dark, and we were forced to grope our way over the hills and through the deep ravines as best we could. We felt our way cautiously until we came out on some high land near the old house. Here we halted for a short time, when the major, with two or three men, went a few paces ahead to reconnoitre. While we were halted we could hear the enemy moving in every direction, and the major concluded that there were too many for us to attack, so he faced us about and marched us back to camp, relieved us, and reported what he had discovered to Col. Peabody. Col. Peabody at once ordered out three companies of the 25th Missouri, and three of the 12th Michigan, under command of Maj. Powell. The latter had not got as far as with his first command when he was fired on, and so the battle begun about 3 o'clock in the morning about one and a half miles in front of General Prentiss' camp. The major ordered the men to deploy into line and shield themselves behind trees as well as they could, for they found that

the whole Rebel army was there. All that he could do was to keep up the fire and fall back to the main camp. The Rebel army was soon in motion, as they had formed their lines during the night in perfect order of battle, hoping to surprise the Union army.

Gen. Sherman says that shortly after 7 o'clock he rode to the front and the enemy's skirmish line fired a volley on his party, killing his orderly. This was the first firing Sherman had heard. But to return to Maj. Powell and his command: As soon as he saw that he had struck the main Rebel army he sent a dispatch back to Colonel Peabody, notifying him that the enemy was there in force, and the latter ordered the long roll to be beat in the camp. This brought the men out of their tents in a hurry, and they were soon formed in line of battle along the color line. It was now 7 a. m., as I well remember, since it was the time my relief was going on post. As we passed along the boys were forming in line of battle—a great many for the last time. As soon as the brigade was formed Col. Peabody ordered the 21st Missouri, under command of Col. Moore, to go to the aid of Maj. Powell, who had been under fire since 3 o'clock. He had been gradually falling back, and by this time we could distinctly hear the firing, which told us that the foe was coming, and could see the wounded hobbling back to camp, or carried by their comrades. Shortly after the 21st had been sent out, Col. Peabody moved the remainder of the brigade about 200 yards in front to a ridge in front of our camp. Here he did not have to wait long for the enemy, for by this time I could see the

smoke of firing in front of my post, which was on the extreme right of our camp, my heat being along the color line. From my position I had a fine view of battle, as also that of the enemy. Up to this time I don't believe there was an officer or soldier, outside of our brigade, that knew anything of the enemy's presence, for about this time an officer came dashing up the road from Sherman's camp, and, halting at my post, asked what that firing meant. I replied that it meant that there was going to be the biggest fight that he had ever heard of, and that some of our brigade had been fighting ever since 3 o'clock in the morning.

"Just at this time we heard the firing commence in Sherman's front; and soon after our men began to fall back slowly. When they reached our color line, Colonel Peabody formed our second line of battle. It was there that the colonel was killed. The brigade made a desperate stand in defense of the camp; but it will be remembered that there was a gap between our right and Sherman's left, and the Rebels were not long in finding it out. They began to press through to our rear, and we were forced to fall back. We formed again, however, just in the rear of our camp where we met a part of McClelland's division, which formed on our right, filling up the gap between our lines and Sherman's. The fight had by this time become general; the Rebels gaining ground gradually until some time in the afternoon, when our lines became more consolidated.

On Sunday morning, April 6, about 7:30, I received a messenger from Brigadier General Sherman, that he was attacked in force and heavily upon his left. I immediately ordered Colonel C. Veatch, commanding the 2d brigade, consisting of the 25th Indiana, 14th, 15th and 46th Illinois, to proceed to the left of Gen. Sherman, where he went into action."—Gen. Hurlburt's report.)

C. D. ANDERSON SAYS.

"I have just read two communications from comrades of the 3d brigade, who should have seen the beginning of that battle as I saw it. I was in the 43d Illinois, and we lay between the 17th and 49th Illinois, and on the same line as Prentiss' division, but to the right. Sherman's division lay in front of ours, and his left reached a little past Prentiss' right.

We had eaten breakfast, mounted guard, and sent our fatigue detail to the river before the long roll was beaten, and, after falling in on our color line, we stacked arms and went back to our quarters and got our haversacks and canteens and filled them, and the relieved guard got their breakfast—and all this some time before any shot came whistling over our heads. I don't believe any of the Forty-third were caught in bed, and the Seventeenth and Forty-ninth should not have been, and if Mrs. Major Belle Reynolds should see this, she will bear me out in it.

"A few regiments on Sherman's left were no doubt surprised, for they were not used to being fired at, and made tracks for the river bank with-

out firing a shot. Some of them came near getting shot by our boys, as they came rushing out of the brush directly in front of us, and were taken for rebels, but the vets of Forts Henry and Donelson and several Missouri and Kentucky battles held their ground till overpowered, and, when driven back; fought so stubbornly that the Johnnies found they had caught a Tartar, and, old Buell to the contrary notwithstanding, they never could have driven us to the river if he had been two weeks longer getting there. It was about 4 o'clock Sunday evening when we came back on the line formed near the river. The rebels attacked that line in succession from one end to the other, hurling masses of troops on every available point, but made no impression except at one point, and that was on the extreme left, and the gunboats coming to our assistance, they did not gain anything there. And all this before we received any assistance from General Buell.

"With the assistance of General Lew Wallace, who came up that night, we could have easily retaken our camps on Monday, and that was all we did do with old Buell's hosts, for as soon as our camps were retaken the pursuit was given up, and the rebels were allowed to retreat to Corinth at their leisure.

"As to that surprise, that will never be settled as long as two Shiloh soldiers live. But one

thing is certain, no camp was fired on before sunrise, unless it was farther out than either Generals Sherman's or Prentiss positions, for we were in plain sight of both, and saw the first rebel troops pass through Sherman's left and strike Prentiss' right. That was certainly after 8 o'clock, and no well man should have been in bed at that time.

"On Sunday morning whilst most of the troops were at breakfast, heavy firing was heard on our line in a direction southwest from my camp. I was ordered to move forward and support Gen. Sherman. I had but little time to examine the ground, but took the best position that could be found, to support the troops in front of us. An officer, representing himself as acting under Gen. Sherman's orders, rode up in great haste, and directed me to move my brigade by the right flank and join the line which was forming on the right."—(Report of Col. James. C. Veatch, commanding two brigades of the Fourth division.)

"On Sunday morning, the 6th inst., about 7:30 o'clock, the enemy's fire was heard in my camp, whereupon I warned my men to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice."—(Col. Davis, Forty-sixth Illinois.)

"Between 6 and 7 o'clock Sunday morning I was informed that our pickets were fired upon and being driven in."—(Col. R. P. Buckland, commanding Fourth brigade, Sherman's division.)

"About 7 o'clock on the morning of the 6th, heavy and rapid firing of artillery and musketry was heard to our front, and in a few minutes we received orders to form in line of battle in front of our camp."—(Lient. Col. B. H. Bristow, commanding 25th Kentucky.)

"My regiment was ordered into line early on Sunday the 6th inst., upon a sudden and unexpected attack, which had been made on our front lines by the enemy."—(John McHenry, colonel of the Seventeenth Kentucky volunteers.)

On Sunday morning the 6th inst., about half past 7 o'clock rapid volleys of musketry from camps to the front indicated the commencement of the battle."—(Report of Chas. Craft, colonel of the Thirty-first Indiana volunteers.)

"On Sunday, April 6th, 1862, an alarm was made in front of this brigade, and I called my regiment from breakfast and formed it in line of battle on the color line."—(Report of J. R. Cockrell, commanding the Seventh Ohio.)

Gen. Hovey asks: "If it had been known that the enemy intended to make an attack, either 'on Saturday or Sunday morning, would our troops have been at their 'breakfasts' when the firing commenced? 2. Would the regiments have been formed before their encampments or color lines for battle? 3. Is it not certain that they would have met the enemy on a favorable position of defense, standing shoulder to shoulder, as they did on Monday morn-

1. If the army knew that they were on the point of a sanguinary and long continued engagement, it was important that they should eat. 2. The proper place for them to form was in front of their camps, if their camps were wisely chosen. 3. The divisions of Sherman and Prentiss were in line of battle when the rebel masses appeared in their immediate front, and this implies that they were shoulder to shoulder in the sense that that phrase implies.

W. A. McMillan of Toledo, Ohio, Feb. 6, 1885, says:

"There is much being said and written, just now, and also great diversity of opinion, as regards whether or not the battle of Shiloh was a surprise to the Union forces. I was at that time a member of company F, 2d Illinois, independent cavalry, on detached duty with Brig. Gen. W. T. Sherman, commanding 5th division Union army at Shiloh. My duty, in part, was the wording of orders, dispatches, and other papers emanating at or passing through the Adjutant General's office at headquarters, 5th division.

Late on Saturday evening before the battle of Shiloh, a scouting party, consisting of a detachment of the 4th Illinois cavalry, and perhaps a part of the 5th Ohio cavalry, sent out that day by order of Gen. Sherman, returned and reported that 'a large body of the enemy was in our

immediate front.' Gen. Sherman immediately sent the following dispatch to Gen. Grant, whose headquarters were on a steamboat at Pittsburg Landing, some three miles in our rear. The substance of the dispatch was as follows, it having passed through my hands:

'The enemy is in strong force in our front, I cannot tell whether they intend attack, or only a reconnoissance in force.'

Gen. Grant replied that he had just been thrown from his horse and severely injured, and desired Gen. Sherman to inform other division commanders to the fact, and to take such precautionary measures as he thought best. Gen. Sherman had in the meantime informed his brigade commanders of the near approach of the enemy, and directed them to hold their commands ready for instant action. Gen. Sherman also communicated the facts to other division commanders.

I am fully satisfied that Gen. Sherman was not ignorant of the threatened danger, but her instructions to his own officers, and information to other commanders was disregarded, and surprise was only to those who had neglected to make preparation to meet the enemy, and have since claimed that the blame should be laid at somebody else's door. I am also fully satisfied that even had not Buell arrived, the tide of battle would have been turned and the Union forces

have been victorious the Monday following. I am of the opinion that Gen. Johnson's assertion that 'certain Rebel troops watered their horses in the Tennessee,' is entirely imaginary, as there are two reasons why they did not—one that the banks of the river at that part of the battle groupd are so steep that a horse cannot get within 100 yards of the water, and the other reason is that the Union gunboats lying in the river would have prevented it, as they did the turning of the left of our line late Sunday afternoon.

The letter of George W. Palmer, copied into the *Blade* from the *Madison Courier*, with the letter of Nagal and W. A. McMillan, of Toledo, have emboldened me to write on two of those disputed points.

First, it is surprising that Comrade Palmer never knew of Gen. Halleck's suspending Gen. Grant from command, before he read the General's article in the *Century Magazine*, through the information which he gives is important as a side light in the history of events then transpiring, as is Comrade McMillan. What I want to say is with reference to a single sentence of Grant's letter to Gen. Halleck, April 5, 1862: 'I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attack (a general one) being made; but if it should occur, I will be prepared for it.' This sentence, taken from its proper connection, makes it hard for the

great mass of readers to see anything but a complete surprise to Grant, and a total lack of care on his part to ascertain whether the enemy were approaching his lines, and if they were, he failed to make any preparation for it, as he said he would.

Since the defeat of Gen. Lew Wallace's cavalry on March 16, 1862, he had been on the alert to repay them in kind. On April 2, he had approached Purdy, Tennessee, with a brigade, and became impressed that at that place there was at least 12,000 troops, and as many more at Bethel, four miles further back. He notified Grant of this, and that it was his opinion that they meditated a descent on Crump's Landing. Grant, ~~from his action~~, evidently felt that if an attack was to be made, in all probability it would be made on Pittsburg Landing. Sherman was advised to, and did send Col. Smith's regiment of infantry, from Stewart's brigade, up Lick Creek, to surround a noted Rebel's place (named Greere) where it was believed that Rebel scouts and spies when started, or cut off from their commands, fled for shelter and protection. This force started after dark on April 2, to carry out its instructions.

The same night, Col. Taylor was ordered to take every man of his regiment that he could mount and go on the road six miles west, then turn to the southeast and chase any Rebel pick-

ets, scouts or spies to Greere's, where they would be picked up by Col. Smith's regiment, Col. Saylor took one citizen, a doctor, and a Rebel cavalry scout. These movements lasted until daylight Thursday, April 3d. Sherman and Grant were not satisfied, so Col. Buckland, in command of Sherman's second brigade, was instructed to take his brigade, by way of drill and instruction, three miles to the front, then send skirmishers two miles to the right and left to ascertain if there was any considerable force approaching from Corinth, by way of Monterey. This consumed all of April 3, and no sign of a Rebel movement in force was discovered. On the 4th, Lew Wallace wrote that his former report, that a strong Rebel force was at Purdy and Bethel, was confirmed, and the same day the Rebels moved two regiments of Infantry, one of cavalry and a battery of field artillery to the Mickey house. The artillery and infantry halted there, but the cavalry came on and captured a Federal picket post. This looked as if Lew Wallace's theory was correct, that this force at the Mickey house was a ruse to alarm and hold our forces at Pittsburg Landing, while a heavy force fell on Lew Wallace and demolished him. In view of these facts, Gen. Grant ordered Gen. W. H. L. Wallace to send Gen. Lew Wallace's two batteries of artillery, and to hold his division in readiness to move to the support of Lew Wallace if

he should be attacked. Sherman was ordered to go to Wallace's support, if attacked, and to double his pickets and put them on their guard,

Gen. Lew Wallace put his whole division in line of battle on Saturday, the 5th, at Adamsville but no enemy appeared. On Saturday afternoon, Gen. Prentiss sent Col. Moore, in command of the 21st Missouri, three miles out on the Corinth road, via Monterey, to see if there were any signs of an enemy. He returned to camp at 7 o'clock p. m., and reported no signs of an enemy in force. Col. Moore's reconnoissance covered the ground that William Preston Johnston and Gen. Thomas Jordan say the Rebels came into line of battle on, about 4 p. m. It is a notable fact that Rebel time, as noted by them at that battle, is one hour slower than that of the Federal officers; so that it may be that as Moore was leaving, but the probabilities are, as they are indefinite as to time, about half-past 4 p. m., according to our time it would be half-past 5 p. m., so that when their advance appeared, Moore had retraced his steps a mile. After 9 o'clock p. m., Saturday night, Prentiss heard that a Rebel force had gone into camp a mile south of his picket line. Maj. Powell, of the 25th Missouri, was dispatched with about 450 men, after midnight, to find and attack them. He came upon the Rebel advance and attacked them Sunday morning, April 6, at 5 o'clock. After fighting

there for an hour he drove them back upon their main line. He was reinforced and held them in check so that they did not reach Prentiss' and Sherman's lines until 8 o'clock a. m. It seems to me that these facts justify Grant's letter, and that he took every precaution to be prepared, and the divisions were not surprised after three hours fighting in their fort.

AN INDIANA BOY'S EXPERIENCE IN THE SECOND DAY'S FIGHT AT SHILOH.

L. B. Moore says, I am interested in the articles on Shiloh, it occurred to me that perhaps a description of what I saw there as a participant in the movements of McCook's division—the 2d division of Buell's army—might prove acceptable.

The morning of the 6th of April, 1862, found that division about twenty miles from Savannah, on a somewhat leisurely march from Columbus, Tennessee, to join Grant's army on the Tennessee River. The divisions of Nelson and Crittenden, with their trains, were ahead of us, and, if all were like myself, we had but a very confused idea of the situation at the river, and no one, so far as I know, of the rank and file supposed a battle would be fought until the two armies, having effected a junction, should bring it on. The division, with the exception of three battalions and one battery of Regulars, was composed of volunteers—all good material, but without ex-

perience in battle, except the 32d Indiana, which had once been under fire. It was a lovely spring morning, and we had made our first halt to rest, when the dull roar was heard in the southwest, creating a little ripple of excitement, which was promptly drenched with a dash of cold water by those knowing ones (common to every army) who seem to have been born with a foreknowledge of everything. "Only the gunboats shelling the river bank," or "Grant pushing a reconnaissance toward Corinth," explained these wise-acters to their comrades, and the more reckless offered odds that we would go home without smelling burnt powder. However, the dull booming continued as we marched along, and that indefinable feeling which seems to precede great battles began to pervade us—a feeling at that time so new to us that we did not recognize it.

SCENTING THE BATTLE.

It manifested itself in a disposition to crowd ahead and hurry, and had to be frequently checked by the officers. The 13th Indiana (at the head of which regiment I marched) led Colonel Kirk's brigade that day. About 10 o'clock an orderly galloped back, reported something to Colonel Kirk, and then pushed on toward the rear. After this we mended our pace, and began to pass the trains of the leading divisions. All day we marched to the ever-increasing sound of bat-

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tle. Occasionally I was able to pick up a piece of news as it was communicated to the brigadiers, and was astonished to learn that the Rebels were driving our men. This was entirely contrary to preconceived ideas of what battles were like.

I also overheard a discussion between Colonel Bass, of our regiment, and Colonel Kirk, as to whether, with four fresh divisions which they thought we could throw in the next day, we should be able to rout the enemy. In my inexperience, it seemed to me that four fresh divisions would be enough to conquer the whole Confederacy ! At sunset we were nearing Savannah and the noise of the day's battle had culminated in a grand crash, in which the burden was borne by a steadily roll of musketry, accented by the bass of the gunboats and accompanied by the harmony of field artillery, which died away as the sun went down, and a heavy bank of thunderclouds loomed up. It was after dark when we reached Savannah, and we halted frequently in the streets. Every house was filled with wounded, and ambulances and stretchers were going in all directions. We were very tired but much excited by the strange scenes about us and the probability of taking part in the battle ourselves the coming day. There had been no struggling, and the wisecracks were quiet now. The bands tried occasionally to enliven us, but the notes of "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie," and

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" seemed a little out of place, now that the wounded were groaning all about us. Suddenly we found ourselves on the top of the bluff at the river, and below us, in the glare of huge fires, we saw a swarm of steamers arriving with wounded and departing with troops, bells clanging, whistles sounding, red and green lights flitting here and there, stretcher-bearers bringing the wounded ashore, troops crowding on board, steamboat mates swearing, and amid all the confusion the embarkation going steadily on, and the boats leaving as fast as loaded. We soon found ourselves aboard the "Fanny Bullit," steaming up the dark river. Then the rain began to fall, and the men stood or lay silently in their places. Every few minutes we met some steamer coming down, her lights piercing the darkness, her furnaces glowing, and her whistles sounding a hoarse cry of recognition as we passed by. Every ten to fifteen minutes the ghostly shadows of the river would be lifted by the flash of a heavy gun, and when its thunders had died away the silence of the night would be broken only by the coughing of the steamer's pipes and the patter of the rain.

SCENES AT PITTSBURG LANDING.

Pittsburg Landing on our arrival presented a picture similar to that at Savannah, except that, in the river above the gunboats were busily

sending their iron messages over into the woods in the direction of the enemy. It was a scene calculated to make a profound impression on an imaginative boy but lately loosed from his mother's apron strings. We tied up until daylight, and as soon as the dawn began to break through the rain the colonel sprang ashore, and in single file we followed him through the mass of stragglers and wounded, mules, wagons and every conceivable thing that could have drifted, or been driven to that vortex and natural focus of all the impediments of the army—the landing. Up the narrow road to the top of the bluff and past the two log shanties we went, wondering where the town was, and coming into line, halted to draw and dispatch our rations of ham and hard-tack from the piles of supplies about us. During this short halt I found the 41th Indiana, which, with my own regiment, was from old Fort Wayne, and in which I had many friends. They had been in the thickest of the fight the previous day, and I looked curiously at those fellows whom but a few months before I had known as raw country boys, but now, by some mystery, were transformed into veteran soldiers, bearing traces of the greatest battle that up to that time had been fought on the continent. They looked to me like heroes,—those that were left,—but I had to confess to myself that they were very dirty heroes. Tramping through the rain and mud and the biting of cartridges had not improv-

ed their appearance. The old surgeon of the 44th, who used to proscribe quinine, castor oil, etc., for me at home, and had been once my juvenile terror and admiration, came up spattered with blood and very untidy in other respects; and, after shaking hands, gave me a short, but graphic description of what "devils those Rebels were to fight," ending with an exhortation to me not to show the white feather—an imputation on my untried courage which I immediately attributed to the fact that I had yelled most diabolically years before when he undertook to pull a tooth for me.

Ever since daylight there had been a rattling fire at the front, and soon our bugles sounded and the brigade filed out along a winding road through the wood in the direction of the firing, leaving knap-sacks behind. Every one seemed to be under a strain. Orders were sharply and brusquely given, and the men were inclined to be silent or snappish. Presently, in a mudhole along the road, the white face turned up to the dripping boughs above, we saw a corpse of a soldier killed in battle—the first that the most of us ever looked upon. I shall never forget the shock it gave me. The firing now increased in volume. We could see tents through the trees, and now got the order: "Halt! Load at will!"

FIX BAYONETS!

Then came the command: "Fix bayonets!"

followed by a noise like the dumping of a cart-load of railroad spikes. The colors were uncased and shaken out, but drooped rather despondingly about the staffs. Forward again we went, closer to the firing, but the woods were so thick that but little could be seen. A force moving across our front in line of battle seemed to me to be going somewhere without any definite object. My ideas of the appearance of a battle were evidently all wrong. I began to fear there would not be much to see except a little battalion drill, as we were put in line, without facing anything in particular that I could see; then placed in double column, and then halted, as if waiting for something. I thought we were fooling away time. It was my impression that we ought to rush right in headlong and defeat "somebody" without much ceremony. But it was evident that some one was doing some fighting, for the musketry firing was incessant, though unseen. We began to feel a little lonely off there in the woods. A cannon-ball came over and struck away above us in a tree-top, and a civilian who had been with us all the morning mounted his horse and struck too—for the Landing. Then we felt more deserted than ever. Rousseau's brigade went into line and we supported them, still in column. They began skirmishing about this time and the battle seemed rather a dull affair to us, when suddenly the firing on our left

swelled to a roar of musketry, and the first Rebel charging yell we had ever heard ring out above the din of battle. The sound seemed to swing toward the rear, as though the troops on our left were losing ground before this sudden attack. The woods were soon thronged with ambulances stragglers, caissons, etc., coming from the left, and a section of howitzers, trotting calmly in the midst of the crowd, stopped near our brigade. I had read vivid descriptions of Bull Run and thought I was about to see them realized, but this proved to be a small matter, as our men must have rallied and driven the enemy back, judging from the sounds, which now seemed to draft the other way. Presently Rosseau advanced in line and was hotly engaged, and we moved up in support. We could partially see his line and colors through the woods, but nothing distinctly. He moved steadily forward, and as we moved up, his wounded fell back in considerable numbers, and we began to come upon his dead on the ground. He had driven the enemy through McClelland's camps and across an open field, rising to a moderate swell in the middle and dipping again to the woods on the other side. We could see that his brigade was now fighting splendidly, and moving to the top of this rise of ground in pursuit.

GOING TO THE FRONT.

All this time I had observed no artillery in

our vicinity, except the section of howitzers spoken of, and I believe they were not engaged. Rousseau's ammunition was gone when he had driven the Rebels across this field, so he halted on the rise as we reached the edge of the field. We moved up towards him in line of battle, and his regiments moving by the right and filing to the rear, passed through our line in the intervals between our regiments, giving us the front. As he drew back, all firing on our front ceased, and, in my unsuspecting innocence, I thought the battle was over, and that all we would have to do would be to pursue the enemy. This impression was rudely dispelled when we reached the crest of the field from which the other brigade had just retired. For my part, I was nearly stunned by the volley which blazed from the woods in front, with a noise surpassing anything I had ever imagined, and which was increased to an unbearable degree by the return fire of our brigade. It seemed as if earth and sky must be rent by the fearful din of musketry, and the bullets flew so thickly that one man afterwards said, "you might have caught a half bushel of them in a peck measure." Under such circumstances I could not keep track of the time, but only a few minutes could have elapsed, when Colonel Bass, commanding our regiment, was mortally wounded, and, about the same time, Major Levanney, Thirty-fourth Illinois, was killed. These

serious misfortunes had their effect, and the two regiments began to give ground, while the enemy's fire was, if possible, hotter than ever. The brigade commander, Colonel Kirk, whom I had seen riding along the line with his staff, and whom I regarded with a sort of hero worship that boys—and men, too, for that matter—indulge for such a gallant and stately soldier and commander, now went forward with the color-bearer of our regiment some distance in front of the line and planted the colors there, and the whole regiment rallied on that line. I think he did the same with the colors of the Thirty-fourth Illinois—his own regiment, than which there was no better or braver in the service—and they responded in the same way. The firing, if possible, grew still hotter, and the whole Rebel line seemed to blaze with artillery. Men were falling in every direction, or hobbling wounded, to the rear. It seemed to me that one side or the other must go to pieces pretty soon, but looking to the rear I saw that Rousseau was in line behind us, evidently ready for business again. Colonel Kirk was wounded about this time, I think, but remained in command. The section of howitzers now came into action and behaved very gallantly. Several of their horses were disabled, and I saw the men pushing the pieces to the front by hand, but I warrant they will never forget the storm they drew upon themselves from the Rebel artillery. I was told that it was a

section of McAllister's battery, of Illinois, belonging to Grant's army. The lines were now pushed forward into the woods, the enemy retiring across a shallow ravine, and the contest raged there for a length of time which it is impossible for me to fix positively, although it then seemed quite short. All at once everybody began to cheer. I did not know why, but the firing ceased and the smoke cleared away and the Rebels who were able to leave the field were seen to be making off as fast as possible. A part of Wood's division was just coming up, too late for anything but pursuit, although that was not their fault, since they came as though they were anxious to get there. The language that General Wood used, when he found that the battle was over, will not, I hope, be remembered against him in the hereafter. So we turned about and marched toward the landing. I thought it must be about noon and my thoughts naturally turned toward dinner, but, to my astonishment, it began to grow dark almost immediately, and by the time we had looked after the wounded a little, we realized that we were very tired, very hungry, and very glad the battle of Shiloh was over. CHAPTER IX.

INCIDENTS—ADVANCES—ON CORINTH—IN AND BEYOND CORINTH—GRAND JUNCTION—POLLY SPRING—MEMPHIS—BOLIVAR—HATCHIE—RETURN TO BOLIVAR.

On Sunday morning, before the battle commenced, Mark Tracy had been detailed from company D for fatigue duty and sent to the river.

When the battle began, instead of coming back to the company he went on a spree and kept it up for three or four days. The fact of his detail had been forgotten, and as he was not found among the dead or wounded he was reported missing. When he came back, Lieut. Cox told him of the report and that military reports must not lie, and that they would have to kill him to make the report true. Tracy said, "Lieutenant, when ye's does that, give me your address for the next world so that I can write yese."

When I was taken on board the Hannibal, a small steamer, the first man I saw was F. P. Vedder of Carrollton. He was commissary of the 61st regiment, and the exposure and fatigues of camp life had made him sick, but it was no use for a man to say then and there that he was sick, it was paid no attention to. A sick man could only expect sympathy from the wounded. I was furnished a state-room, I took Mr. Vedder in with me on Sunday night, but on Monday morning he was crowded out by the wounded. On Monday night, Chaplains Rutledge and Jacques were up all night caring for the wounded on the Hannibal. There was not an hour all night when their voices could not be heard in conversation with the suffering, as they administered to their bodily wants, and sang to or prayed for the dying. I never knew how much tenderness

could be in a man's heart until I saw them as "ministering angels" among the wounded and dying at Pittsburg Landing.

Lieut. Simons of company F was shot through the lungs and left for dead on the Corinth road. After Albert Sidney Johnson was killed and Beauregard had assumed command, he and his staff came upon Simons. Beauregard was very anxious to get reliable information on a variety of subjects, and as Tom was a fine intellectual looking fellow and was still breathing, Beauregard's medical director examined him and said he could bring him to consciousness. To this end he gave him brandy and some morphine, and soon he was able to speak. They questioned him as to the number and disposition of the Federal forces, all of which Tom could tell nothing about, or if he knew would not tell. They questioned him as to the distance to Pittsburgh Landing, he told them that it was a mile and a half to the Landing. Beauregard said according to his maps it could not be more than a mile Tom told them he had been over the road often and knew it was a mile and a half. Then Beauregard said it made no difference how far it was, he must get there by night. Tom told him he would have a "hell of a time doing it." Contrary to all human appearances Tom recovered from his wound and was an aid to Gen. Palmer at the battle of Stone river.

I believe it did not become necessary for him to do what he told the boys while we lay at Camp Lamine, he was going to do in order to get on the General's staff.

As soon as the dead were buried and things were straightened up in camp, the men who had gone through the fiery baptism of the two days fight at Pittsburg Landing unhurt, started out to find their wounded comrades to express their love and sympathy. How it did elevate our notions of humanity to see great burly, rough looking men bending over the prostrate form of a wounded and suffering comrade, and with tears in their eyes, softened voices and tender words, lovingly as a woman, ministering to their wants and trying to cheer and comfort them. Many a feud was healed up as men were merging from the shadows of that fearful conflict.

On Friday the 11th, they started the boat I was on for St. Louis. F. R. Gray accompanied me as nurse, and a capital one he was. We got to St. Louis on the 14th. Dr. Hogins said he didn't have power to grant furloughs, but wished all officers would resume the responsibility and go home. I assumed it and got to Greenfield the 15th. After the battle the regiment moved some three miles further to the south and camped near where the rebel supply train lay during the battle. They were panic stricken when they were driven from the field, judging from

the amount of property they destroyed which included everything the men could not carry. There was a heavy rain Sunday night of the battle, hence the roads were in bad condition for heavily loaded wagons.

The 14th regiment lay in this camp until May 4th. Between that date and the 9th they had moved forward by easy marches to within four miles of Corinth. The men were ahead of the commissary train and camp equipage nearly all the time on account of rainy weather and bad roads. Once or twice they went back for rations. As the siege guns were coming up we expected Halleek to begin on Beauregard in earnest. The pickets commenced firing as soon as they could see on the morning of the 10th. As there was heavy firing to the front on the road, Lieut. Williams said the rebels were ~~out~~ in force trying to drive in our pickets, but we reinforced them and the enemy failed. Company B was on picket and Lieut. Cox took a half dozen of the boys out to the line. Things were made lively. If a man put his head out from behind a stump, log or tree, rebel lead would whisk by instantly.

On the 12th the regiment was drawn up in line. Gen. Veatch came along and made a little talk, in which he said we might be called into action at any moment. After he passed on, Col. Hall exhorted us to do, when the time of trial came, as well as we did on the 6th of

The first breast works were thrown up on the 12th. The 13th, 14th and 15th we moved up gradually, keeping breast works thrown up in front constantly. On the 16th, from all appearances, we were ready to move on the enemy's lines. On the 18th the whole regiment went to the support of a battery and staid until 9 o'clock at night, when they returned to camp for a nights rest. They had been in line of battle for a few minutes at a time for the last five or six days. We would much rather finish this thing by a square stand up fight than to lead this sort of a ~~dog~~ life.

May 24th was rainy and muddy. Rumors of all sorts came in. One was that the rebel soldiers were on the point of mutiny. May 28th we were called out early as we supposed to go on picket, but were ordered to march at 6 o'clock a. m., but did not get off until 9 o'clock. The order was "Right face, file left, march!" This through us into four ranks, close to the skirmishers, with artillery between columns. We moved in this way until we reached the ground we wanted, when we halted for the artillery to get into position. The enemy all the time pouring an artillery fire upon us. They had our range, but we were protected by a rise in the ground and we needed no order to "lie down."

One of the boys said that he never knew how much he loved his mother earth till now. Ev-

every time the rebels fired he hugged her with all his might. Soon the order came "Right, half wheel, march!" This brought us into a continuous line and we lay down again. Our batteries now opened fire until the Johnnies "left us alone in our glory." After being here awhile, a rebel lieutenant colonel was brought in. He was in command of their skirmishers. He had posted them and gone away for awhile, when he returned, our men held the ground where he had left his men, and he walked right into our lines. Soon the Johnnies attempted to regain their ground, but our batteries poured shot, shell and canister upon them until they skedaddled. We were ordered forward but by the time we reached high ground the rebels had left. The rebel skirmishers took refuge in a house opposite us, so that we had to lie down in the hot sun to keep out of sight. On the 29th a deer charged our breastworks and came through the sallic port in company B, struck one man and turned the soles of his shoes up toward the sun. There were so many Yanks that the poor animal was captured and soon done for with a shout that must have convinced the Johnnies that all yankeedom was there.

On May 29th, two rebel deserters were brought in and reported the rebel forces at 80,000. Friday 30th, all sorts of rumors were flying. One, that Pope had a fight and got the worst of it, another that he lost nine and took eighteen

guns the day before, and another that Corinth was evacuated and that the 7th and 8th Missouri regiments were in possession. Yesterday, heavy cannonading was heard which sounded very strange. It would commence in one place and run along the line in rotation. Some contended it was thunder. We thought the hail had opened along the whole line. But as it did not last more than half an hour we dismissed it from our minds. Seeing the cavalry and artillery moving off in pursuit of the flying rebel army, we could understand the point in the reports of the rebel deserters of yesterday—they were intended to deceive and ~~ugh~~ us until they could destroy everything that they could not carry away; then did it.

May 31st, a great many of the men went off on leave to see Corinth in its desolation and the deserted rebel works. On June 1st, the joy over the evacuation of Corinth was clouded by the sad intelligence of the defeat of Gen. Banks in the east. On the 3d the regiment passed inside the fortifications around Corinth south. When a mile out we were halted on a narrow pike, to let some cavalry pass with a hundred prisoners found burning a bridge. They claimed they were citizens and that they did not set the fire, of course not. Our regiment marched on five miles and went into camp. The citizens reported the rebel army badly demoralized and

its objective point Jackson, Mississippi. On the 6th, company D was detailed to go on fatigue duty to help build a bridge across a stream six miles south. On the 10th the regiment moved in the direction of Memphis, Tennessee. On the 11th, lay in camp because the teams were unable to get up. On the 12th, drew ten days rations. On the 13th, made an attempt to get away early to avoid the sun and dusty roads, but were delayed two hours. Hurlburt's and Sherman's divisions are on the Memphis road. On the 14th, the regiment did not move until three o'clock in the afternoon. The very best of feelings existed between the 14th and 15th Illinois volunteers, they stand by each other. It took the regiment but a little while on the 14th to get to its new camping place but the teams could not reach it and the men had to carry their equipage from the road up to the camp. They had to be up at three o'clock in the morning to get their breakfast and carry their equipage back to the wagons. The regiment arrived at Grand Junction at 1 o'clock p. m. It is a very small insignificant place to be a great railroad junction. If it was in the north it would be a booming city. It was reported on the 16th that we would go to Memphis, but at three in the afternoon it transpired we were to go to Holly Springs, where we started at five p. m. and marched till midnight. At

2 o'clock in the morning we started on with the expectation of capturing some rebel cavalry. The regiment stopped for water in the morning where the rebel cavalry camped the night before. At Holly Springs some officers went to a hotel and ordered a meal. They said they did not feed the yanks. Sherman told them they could have their choice to feed yanks or have their houses burned. they fed the yanks. The Union sentiment that northern papers talked about, is all bosh. There is no Union people here except the negroes. They give us all the aid and comfort they can. They told us of all the Rebel ambuscades, and where they hid their corn, fodder, meat, meal and flour. When the regiment left Holly Springs, on the 18th, Tom Barton was out hunting blackberries, and Backus hunting plumbs. They did not catch up with the company until the regiment stopped at a stream called Coldwater, for rest and refreshment. On the 20th mail came in, the first for a long time. On the 21st the teams were sent out foraging, and on the 22d the regiment was aroused at three o'clock in the morning to prepare for a march. Company D was detailed to go as wagon guard through Grand Junction and Lagrange. It was said that the 53d Illinois of the first brigade of our division would be left for guard. The 1st brigade was

composed of the following regiments, 28th, 32d, 41st, 52d, 53d, Illinois regiments of infantry, the 7th Ohio battery and a squadron of the 5th Ohio cavalry.

On the 30th of June the regiment, except company F which had been sent to guard a train to Memphis, started to Holly Springs for the second time, and arrived on the 1st of July. The next day the 53d Illinois, which had been out on a scout, returned, and as they approached our lines they were mistaken for the advance guard of the Rebel army and the entire command was formed in line of battle to repel the attack before the error was discovered.

While on this second campaign, Dr. B. F. Stephenson, the regimental surgeon was called to visit a wealthy aristocratic family, two or three miles from town. The young ladies of the house expressed a desire to meet one who was regarded at the north as an educated, cultured gentleman, and the Doctor informed them that he would gratify their curiosity on his next visit. Captain M. S. Littlefield was a lawyer, a smooth talker, and a man of prepossessing personal appearance, and the doctor selected him as the representative "yankee," to introduce to the ladies. The two officers were invited to dine with the family and during the after dinner conversation the captain mentioned a number of persons he had met in the south and

among others referred to "two colored ladies." The reader may imagine that a verdict not at all complimentary to the captain in particular, and to the yankees in general was at once made up by the ladies present.

Captain Smith, of company B, who was severely wounded at Shiloh, rejoined the regiment at Holly Springs, July 5th. He was the first of the severely wounded officers to return, and for this reason and the additional one that he brought a supply of northern papers, his arrival was welcomed right heartily. Captain Bryant, who had also been wounded, returned rather unexpectedly on the 12th, and that night was quartered with Lieutenants Williams and Cox in a post-oak thicket. During the night a number of members of the company were heard in consultation and moving about in a mysterious manner, and Lieutenant Williams, upon being asked the cause, said, "The 53d Indiana, a new regiment fresh from hoosierdom, has just been added to our brigade. They have tents, woollen and rubber blankets, camp kettles, mess pans, coffee pots and the entire regulation outfit. The 14th is short of these things and is engaged in the "pious" work of cleaning out the Indiana regiment." Next morning Captain Bryant's men waited upon him and pressed him to accept a complete outfit of camp equipage. They told him that his other baggage was lost, but that a

kind providence (?) had enabled them to supply him with the above articles proffered. Shortly after the cleaning out above narrated the Indiana boys laid a plot to retaliate upon their predatory neighbors. They procured about seventy black bottles, filled them with swamp water, corked them, rubbed them with saw-dust to give them the appearance of age, then carefully boxed them. They then caused it be known to the 14th boys that they had received a large supply of "sanitary stores," but cautioned th^t 14th not to let the officers of either regiment know anything about the matter. These stores they were willing to sell at \$2 per single bottle or at \$1.50 per bottle by the quantity. Soon a lively trade sprang up. The 14th men readily exchanging greenbacks for the bottled fluids, but when sundry of the coveted bottles had been opened and the contents tasted a light broke in upon the purchasers.

At 3 o'clock p. m. of July 17th, we started on our march to Memphis and at night camped in the edge of Moscow, ten miles from LaGrange. The next day we moved at 9 a. m., marched about a mile, were moved out of line and halted until 2 p. m., when we marched forward and for a wonder went into camp before dark on Wolf creek, near the hamlet of La Fayette. Owing to the rains the water was very muddy, but it was all we had to use. Roasting-ears were

abundant and we used them freely. We were aroused at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 19th and ordered to prepare breakfast. This was over at 3:20, yet we did not break camp until daylight. We marched two miles, lay by the roadside until 11 o'clock, then we were started on quick time and after marching six miles went into camp near Colliersville. The men suffered greatly for want of water and several were reported sunstruck. Our officers had not learned to imitate the humane example of Gen. Wool, who while in the Mexican war always made it a point to look out for the comfort of his men when on a march.

Sunday, 20th, we passed through Germantown, 5 mile from camp, and camped four miles beyond. In that distance we passed but one dwelling that would pass for a good one in the north. The night before, the pickets captured twenty-five guerillas, members of Jackson's cavalry. On the 21st, we passed the 1st brigade still in camp and soon after, a house that had been fired by soldiers in the advance in retaliation for the act of the owner in turning his blood hounds upon them while drawing water from the well.

Our brigade passed through Memphis at 3 p. m., of the 15th of August, and encamped one and a half miles south of the city in a dense forest. We had no tents, as we left them in the

advance on Corinth, but we did the best we could to protect ourselves by building booths until we drew tents, a short time after our arrival. W. H. Wilson who had been wounded at Shiloh and discharged at St. Louis, returned with Robert Wylder who had been caring for Isaac Barton, and Albert Perkins who had also been wounded but were again able for duty, Murray Curtiss, a recruit, came with them. He remained long enough to draw his bounty and two months pay, when he deserted. C. B. Cash, who was slightly wounded went home and failed to return. Samuel Walker and Charles Yoeman having become unfit for duty, the former for blindness and the latter on account of consumption, were discharged about this time.

Mr. Melvin (whose son, a member of the 32d, died before his father arrived), returned on the 15th of August. David Henderson also returned home on the 19th.

“Silently, tenderly, mournfully home,
From the red battle-field volunteers come,
Not with a loud hurrah,
Nor with a wild eclat,
Not with the tramp of war,
Come our brave sons—
Gently and noiselessly hear them along,
Flushed be the battle hymn, music, and song.
Silently, tenderly, mournfully home,
Not as they-marched away, volunteers come,
Not with the sword and gun,
Not with the stirring drum,
Come our dead heroes home,

Thoughtfully, prayerfully, bear ye the dead,
Pillow it softly, the volunteer's head.

Silently, tearfully, welcome the brave.

Glory encircles the patriot's grave,

Here let affection swell,

Here let the marble tell

How the brave hero fell,

Loving his country well!

Silently, tenderly, mournfully come,

Welcome the volunteers, welcome them home."

While we lay at Memphis Tom Whaley went to the city and got too much over joyful, and at night, after the men had retired, he was growling and complaining about a variety of things. Lieut. Williams who was in command of the company tried in vain to get him to stop. Finally he said to him, "Tom if you don't hush up I will get the captain after you." This had the effect of stopping him for several minutes, but finally he blurted out, "the captain is a heap bigger man than me, but I'll be damned if one pound of my flesh is'ent worth two of his.

While here Chaplin Rutledge married a colored couple at headquarters, the regiment looked on and enjoyed the occasion.

We were reviewed by General Sherman on the 21st. September 5th, the 4th division started for Brownsville, Tennessee. Frank Rose, who had returned a quadroon boy to his master and received fifty dollars for the service, was reported a deserter.

The colored people along our line of march, hailed our approach as the fulfillment of the long wished for day of deliverance from bondage and indulged in many outbursts of enthusiasm.

Chaplain Rutledge, tells of an old negro woman who he saw while on this march in a little hamlet, just as the sun was rising, her hair white as wool, hands honey and fingers long. As we passed along the road she stood in a ~~rapid~~ attitude and said "bress de Lord ye yankees has come at last, I's seen 'yous in my dreams many a time. I knowed yous as soon as I see you." It was while on this march that the raggedist colored boy that we ever saw while in the South, came running out of a field to us, and wanted a guard of soldiers to go with him while he would get his wife and child. We explained to him the best we could that an army was not the place for women and children, and that we could not afford to be incumbered with them, and that he might betray the guard into the the hands of the enemy, if we let it go. He said that he would not do that for ten thousand lives; that he had been a slave eversince he had been big enough to drive the calves to pasture, that he had always heard the old folks say in the colored congregation, "that when the jubilee came, that every man would eat the sweat of his own brow," and judging from what the old folks had told him he thought that the "year of jublee had come." He appeared to leave us with a sorrowful heart, but the next morning we found that

he had reached us with his wife and babe.

On the 11th the division remained in camp, and companies B and D of the 14th were sent out on a scout.

For the past three days we have been marching on the flank of a large rebel force that could and would have captured or dispersed us had not our force of 8000 been magnified into 16,000 men.

While here we learned of Gen. Logan's victory over the Rebels below Bolivar.

The next day in compliance with orders from Gen. Grant, we left the Brownsville road and moved towards Bolivar. On the 14th we camped on Pleasant Run, one mile from Bolivar where we remained until October 4th.

We arrived at Pleasant Run a little after noon. Soon after we went into camp, a very nice looking white woman passed our camp in a buggy, she had a black man by her side as driver, and was carrying on her lap a negro baby; a white boy, I should think fifteen or sixteen years old, was following the buggy on horse back. A negro woman, probably the mother of the baby that the white woman was carrying, was riding behind the white boy, and holding on by clasping her arms around him. I called the attention of the men to it, and told them that I had heard a great deal about negroe equality in the North, but this was the only instance in which I had ever seen it practically illustrated or carried into practice.

On the 22d of September twenty-one Rebel regiments moved up to within five miles of Bolivar and during the night we lay on our arms prepared for an attack. but next day our scouts reported that the enemy had retreated. Company D was on picket and as soon as the line was established, John Bell, Noah Boyd, Jonathan Davis and Tom Patterson slipped out on a foraging expedition and was captured by the Rebels

Early on the morning, October 4th, the division was ordered into line and directed to march southward. I was suffering from the effects of my wound and from disease, and Capt. Simpson of company H, was unable to accompany the troops and we were sent to Jackson, Tennessee, where we were discharged for disability.

The troops halted for dinner on Porter creek then marched twelve miles farther, the last seven miles due east along the Memphis and Charleston railroad, and after a slight skirmish camped for the night on Muddy creek, twenty-five miles west of Corinth. After crossing the Muddy, next morning, the column was halted and the officers called to the front and center to receive orders to prepare for battle. Gen. Ord rode up and assumed command. The men were directed to fill their canteens with water. The 14th was marched about half a mile into the edge of the timber and ordered to load their guns while a battery shelled the timber in front.

Here the brigade formed line of battle as follows, the 25th Indiana on the right of the road, the 14th Illinois on the left, and the 53d Indiana and the 15th and 46th Illinois in reserve:

Skirmishers had been thrown forward and in this order they moved through the timber where a Federal battery opened on a Rebel battery, then ensued an artillery duel for half an hour. The order was then given to "Forward," and the brigade started across the space that intervened between them and the Rebels. When half way over, musket firing commenced, and by the time the brigade got within a hundred yards of the Rebels, the enemy left for the Hatchie a fourth of a mile away. They went in such a hurry that they forgot to take their battery with them. The second brigade made no halt, but went on the double quick for their line, which were forming on the right bank of the river. They broke for the second time, and some of them were drowned in trying to cross the river. Two hundred found under the river bank were taken prisoners. The Rebels had a battery on the opposite hill that covered the bridge over the Hatchie. The 53d was ordered to lead the way across but recoiled a time or two as they saw the grape and canister tearing up the splinters. Lieut. Col. Jones got out of patience with them and said, "Stand aside and let the Illinois

boys come." The 14th and 15th Illinois regiments dashed over followed by the 53d. The second brigade formed in an open field to the left of the road. The first brigade came across the bridge in gallant style and began to form on the right, but were thrown into disorder for want of room to form on. In the meantime, the 2d brigade had formed into line, then were ordered forward to the timber for shelter. The Rebel infantry were in it, but when they saw the Federals coming they used their legs to good advantage and took shelter behind a fence a hundred and fifty yards away. After the skirmishers had felt of their lines a little, the brigade was ordered forward. The Rebels made a determined stand for an hour, but it got too hot for them and they fell back over the ridge. The Federal skirmishers were pushed forward to the second rise of the bluffs, where they were protected, and halted, but the brigade was exposed to the fire of a Rebel battery, so the skirmishers went forward to a fence and lay down while the brigade moved under shelter of the bluff. In meantime a Federal battery to the right of the 2d brigade opened fire on the Rebel battery that drew its attention from the infantry. Another Federal battery took up a position on the left of the brigade and opened on the Rebel battery. This artillery duel was in plain view of the sec-

ond brigade and the men will never forget the grandeur of the sight. The first brigade soon came up, and the Rebels started south and did not stop until they had put a convenient distance between them and the Federals. There were only two men hit in company D. The regiment had three men killed and thirty wounded. The total loss in killed and wounded on our side was 555. Generals Ord and Veatch were slightly wounded.

"Sleep, comrades, sleep! The clinging rust
Lies thick upon the blade
And valor is obscured by rust
Of money and of trade;
The life is mute; no more the drum
The drowsy camp alarms;
The piping times of peace have come,
And Pleasure spreads her charms.

Sleep, comrades, sleep! The cannon's roar
No longer fills the air;
The rifle volley routs no more
The Rebel from his lair.
Where once the beacon brightly shone,
The sentry walked his round,
The crumbling headstone marks alone
The consecrated ground,

Sleep, comrades, sleep! The battle-flag
Is rotting on the staff,
And soon, perchance, the tattered rag
Will waken but a laugh;
The peaceful plowshare cleaves the sod,
Once wet with War's red stain,
And fields that mighty armies trod
Are starred with flowers again.

Sleep, comrades, sleep! Though soon forgot
By some your valor be,
Forget our loving hearts will not
To keep their tryst with ye;
The general muster of the dead,
Whate'er on earth betide,
Shall find us still by Glory led
And marching by your side."

Doubtless the reason why the Federals succeeded so well in whipping the Rebels, who were ~~over~~ ^{over} ~~times their~~ ^{times their} number, was that Rosecrans had nearly crushed the life out of them the day before at Corinth. The 4th division moved back to Bolivar by easy stages, where they arrived on the 8th, and where our division lay until November 4th.

CHAPTER X.

THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE—CAMPAIGN IN
WEST TENNESSEE AND NORTHERN MISSISSIPPI
—HURLBURT REMOVED TO ANOTHER COM-
MAND—TRIAL DRILLS—VICKSBURG—MERI-
DIAN—GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC—
NATCHEZ—FINAL CAMPAIGN—OFF FOR HOME
—MUSTERED OUT.

The survivors of that magnificent army may call with pride, the heroic achievements that will render its name immortal as long as men live to read of deeds of valor. A brief sketch of the organization of the Army of the Tennessee may be of interest not only to members of that army, but to our readers who belonged to

SO WE GIVE IT HERE.

Gen. Grant's command, which fought at Fort Henry, Tennessee, was known as the District of Cairo, and on July 14, 1862, General Halleck, then commanding the Department of Missouri, in whose command Gen. Grant was serving, issued General Orders, No. 37, Department of Missouri, creating the District of West Tennessee, from which date the Army of the Tennessee had its existence. In the reorganization of the army by General Orders, No. 59, of the War Department, October 16, 1862, the Department of the Tennessee was formed, which consisted of Northern Mississippi, Cairo, Illinois, Forts Henry and Donelson, Tennessee, and that portion of Kentucky, and Tennessee west of the Tennessee river, and General Grant assigned to command. The limits of the command remained virtually the same until General Sherman moved from Atlanta to Savannah, Georgia, and the Carolinas, in November, 1864.

The Army of the Tennessee was, by General Orders, No. 168, Adjutant-General's Office, October 24, 1862, also designated as the 13th Army Corps; but, by General Orders No. 210, Adjutant-General's Office, December 18, 1862, the Department of the Tennessee or 13th Corps was divided into four separate Army Corps, consisting of the 13th Corps, commanded by Gen. J.

A. McClelland to June 19, 1863; by General C. C. Washburne to August 7, 1863, (when the corps was transferred to the Department of the Gulf, under General Banks); the 15th Corps commanded by General Sherman to October 18, 1863 (when he relieved General Grant in command of the Department of the Tennessee); General F. P. Blair, Jr., to December 2, 1863; John A. Logan to September 23, 1864; P. J. Osterhaus to January, 1865; John A. Logan to May 19, 1865, and W. R. Hazen until its final discontinuance, August 1, 1865; the 16th Corps, General S. A. Hurlburt, commanding to April 17, 1864. This corps, occupying post mostly in Tennessee, and guarding railroads, etc, and the right wing, under Gen. A. J. Smith, having been transferred to the Department of the Gulf for the Red River campaign, the corps was without a commander to October 15, 1864, when General W. J. T. Dana assumed command, who remained in command until November 7, 1864, when it ceased to exist in the Department of the Tennessee, the troops having been transferred to other corps or commands; the 17th Corps, commanded by General J. B. McPherson to March 18, 1864; F. P. Blair, Jr., to September 22, 1864; T. E. G. Ransom to October, 1864; F. P. Blair, Jr., to July 19 1865; W. W. Belknap until its final discontinuance, August 1, 1865.

The Army or Department of the Tennessee was commanded by General Grant from March 14, 1862, to October, 18, 1863; by General W. T. Sherman to March 18, 1864; J. B. McPherson to July 22, 1864; O. O. Howard to May 19, 1865, and General J. A. Logan until its final discontinuance, August 1, 1865.

In the roll of battles fought, in whole or in part by the Army of the Tennessee, are: Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Black River Bridge, Champion's Hill, Vicksburg, Pleasant Hill, Missionary Ridge, Lookont Mountain, Resaca, Kennesaw, Atlanta, Lovejoy's Station, Nashville, Bentonville, and a large number of minor engagements. Whether it be literally true or not that "it invariably captured the cannon that were directed against it," it may be said that its campaigns always resulted, sooner or later, in overwhelming defeat to the force opposed to it.

On the 4th of November the division moved on Grant's campaign that was intended to take Vicksburg in the rear, but was frustrated by the Rebels capturing Holly Springs in his rear and burning his depot of supplies. General Hurlburt was appointed to the command of West Tennessee at the beginning of this campaign. General Lawman was appointed to the command of our division, this was unfortunate for both the General and the division. To make the matter worse General Veatch who had the re-

spect and confidence of the 2d brigade, was removed from their command before the campaign was over.

Through the whole of the winter the division was hacked about through southern Tennessee and northern Mississippi. The men were on short rations, out of tobacco and short of clothes, until they were out of patience. There was a feeling or temper among the men of the 14th akin to what it was a year ago. Since the battle of Hatchie the Colonel has been on detached service or in command of a brigade. Gen. Lawman had undertaken to overawe the men and the Lieutenant Colonel felt it his duty to support the General in five roll-calls a day, long company drills and dress parade.

We give an extract of a letter from R. D. Bibb dated January 29, 1863:

"After leaving Holly Springs, we crossed the country to Moscow, Tennessee, (where we had the roasting-eat feast last July,) we staid there three days and then went to Lafayette, where we found General John A. Logan's division still camped, so that we were ordered back to Moscow; it rained all night and at daylight began to pour, we had two creeks to cross, that were so swollen that they swam horses, mules and men. I fell into one of them and lost my gun, but forgot it because of Col. Camm, who to be smarter than the boys, and to be an example to us,

gave his horse to one of the boys and plunged into the stream and went out of sight, such a yell as went up from the boys has not been heard often, he was the worse sold man I ever saw. The boys forgot my ducking and loss of gun.

We went to Tallahassee river which was so high that we could not cross, so we went into camp on the south side. On the morning of the 19th it had turned cold and had began to snow and snowed for twenty-four hours, when the mud and snow was a foot deep. On the 20th, companies D, E and F, was ordered to the river to guard the railroad bridge and trestle work, the only consolation we have, is that like the 91st, in all probability we shall be taken prisoners, and be paroled and sent home, to bask in the smiles of friends.

March 3d, we were relieved from guard duty and crossed the river, and the officers say we are begining to become demoralized. Colonel Hall is commanding a brigade and Lieutenant Colonel Camm, commands the regiment and has us in line every morning before day, because of this the boys gave three groans for him. He called company commanders to headquarters and said he would not stand to be insulted in such a way, but company officers could not stop it. Four or five days after this somebody shaved his horse, mane and tail. He offered \$50 to find out who did it. The 15th regiment played camp town

times when they had occasion to pass our camp, and the 14th would yell like mad. One morning as he stood at his tent door to find out who yelled, just as he stepped to the door some one fired off their gun and the bullet passed through the tent just above his head. He ordered us into line and examined for the musket that was discharged, but no go, it could not be found. Since that morning we have not been called into line before daylight. Things has got to such a pass that the 2d brigade refused to present arms to the commander of the division. The guard from the 14th has been sent back to their quarters twice for insulting him. Captain Williams got mad the other morning because I told the Colonel that while we have to carry our knapsacks, while he put his negro Wyatt's in the wagon and has it hauled, this made him so mad that he stutted and spit all over company quarters."

On March 10th the regiment was paid off in order to start for Memphis. On the 11th the 1st division relieved the 4th. The regiment moved to within two miles of Memphis on the 12th. At dress parade on the 18th, Colonel Camm had some correspondence read to the effect that the 41st Illinois infantry had challenged the 14th Illinois infantry to a trial drill for a bugle, to be bought by the officers of the regiment that came out second best, the trial to

be on the 24th of March. The points of test to be first, cleanliness of arms, accoutrements and persons; second, manual of arms; third, formation at dress parade; fourth, marching in review; fifth soldierly appearance. General Lawman to choose the referee for the 41st, and General Hurlburt to choose one for the 14th, and the two so chosen to choose the third. It rained on Tuesday so that the trial drill was postponed to Wednesday. The 14th formed at one p. m., and marched to General Lawman's headquarters, where they found a large crowd assembled to witness the drill. We found when it was too late that we had been overreached by the 41st. There had been no stipulation as to numbers of men to the company or their uniforms. So the 41st had tucked their blouses inside of their pants, bought McClellan caps and gloves and had taken their gun straps off. They had picked their companies down to twenty-four men each, while the 14th had thirty-four men each or all the men they could turn out. On Saturday the 28th, the judges of the trial drill gave in their decision. It was in favor of the 41st in all points except in marching in review. It seemed that General Lawman had as poor an opinion of the 14th as it had of him. On April 21st, the regiment was ordered out on a reconnoissance with four days rations in their haversacks. The regiment started immediately in the direction of

Hernando, Miss. After going ten miles they met a column coming in that had been to Coldwater. They had found the enemy there in considerable force, had some skirmishing with them, had sent for reinforcements and had fallen back till they met us. They turned about, went with the 14th five miles and then went into camp for the night. When the regiment got into camp, they found there was in their columns five regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry and two batteries. We started in good time on the 22d and reached Hernando by noon. A large part of the town was burned on the night of the 21st, but not the part that ought to have been. The poor folks suffered and the fine houses were left standing, while the owners were away fighting against the government as generals, colonels, majors and captains. The commander of this part of Rebeldom, General Chalmers, lived here. After resting in the court house square a couple of hours and eating dinner, the column moved on toward the south, but had not gone far before they received word that the enemy were advancing, when the infantry formed line of battle and the artillery took position. After waiting two hours for the enemy to put in an appearance, they moved forward again.

On the 23d Colonel Camm tried to get leave, to return to Memphis, first, because there was

no appearance of an enemy: secondly, because the supplies were poor for a march, consisting of flour, green coffee and pickled pork; third because there was a rumor in Memphis that there had been a terrible battle, and that the colonel and all the line of officers of the 14th and 46th Illinois infantry had been killed, and half of the men. As the colonel's and several of the officers' wives were at Memphis, they were anxious to get back. At eight o'clock a call was made for fifty volunteers from the 14th and as many from the 46th to follow a colored guide to where the Rebels had stores hid for shipment. After following the darkey five miles and finding he had no idea of distance nor any exact knowledge of the situation, the men took the back track and reached Hernando just as the rear of the column passed through on its way to Memphis.

On the 8th of May, Captain Williams' wife arrived on a visit to him, and Henry E. Backus' brother came in from Dixie the same day. He escaped from Vicksburg through the Rebel lines to us. He said that at this time there were only about twenty-five thousand Rebel soldiers in Vicksburg, and that while the fortifications were very strong on the river front, that they were comparatively weak in the rear of the city. He thought that the city could be taken very easily by way of the Big Black river by destroying the Jackson railroad bridge and thus cutting off the

supplies and means of interior communication, they could be starved out.

On the 13th, at morning parade, we received marching orders and started for the river at 10 o'clock a. m. There were five boats there ready to take our brigade. Our regiment went aboard the Clara Bell. The 15th went on the Express, the 76th on the Fort Wayne, the 46th on the Clara Poe. The Nebraska was commissary, and the Emerald was the headquarters boat. We got away at 5 p. m. On our way down the river on the 15th, the Fort Wayne was fired into by concealed Rebels from the river bank on the Arkansas shore. Three men were slightly wounded. The 76th returned the fire, while the gun boats moved up and threw shells into the woods. In the meantime the Fort Wayne ran aground and had to push off with spars. In pushing off she got into some drift wood and broke her rudder, which compelled the fleet to lay by for the Fort Wayne to repair damages. While this was being done the 76th was put ashore where the firing was done and burned the plantation adjoining. The fleet reached the mouth of the Yazoo river at 8 o'clock p. m. on the 15th of May.

On the 16th the brigade was landed on the west side of the Mississippi, a little above the Rebel's upper river batteries. They were surprised to find that the levee for miles up the

river was used for burying purposes.

"Four hundred thousand men,
The brave, the good, the true,
In tangled wood and mountain glen,
On battle plain and prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you.

Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you.

In many a fevered swamp,
In many a black lagoon,
In many a cold and frozen damp,
The wearied sentinel ceased his tramp,
And died for me and you.

From ocean's plain to mountain side
Are stretched the graves of those who died
For me and you.

In treason's prison hold
Their martyr spirit grew,
In stature like the saints of old,
While 'mid dark agonies untold,
They starved for me and you.
The good the patient and the tried,
Four hundred thousand men have died
For me and you."

On the 17th we heard firing in the rear of Vicksburg, and could not imagine what it meant, as we did not know that Grant had gone to the rear by way of Grand Gulf, Raymond, Big Black and Champion Hills, and was that very day investing Vicksburg.

It was weeks later before the loyal and patriotic soldiers from Illinois knew that on that

very day while the battle of Black river was being fought and Grant's army was investing Vicksburg, the Rebel's stronghold on the Mississippi that copperheads in Illinois in the name of democracy was holding a peace at any price meeting at Springfield at which they declared the war a failure and demanded that our army's should be withdrawn from the south and that peace should be secured on the best terms possible from the rebels. War democrats owe it to themselves to bury them so deep that they will have no resurrection.

The 14th men began to tantalize the Rebels almost as soon as they were landed in their neighborhood, by going down to the river opposite their batteries, and standing in open view before them. The Rebels would open fire upon them with their big guns. They probably thought that our men were engaged in erecting a battery to shell them. It is strange how men will play with danger for the sake of having what they call a little fun.

Grant had proved that the channel of the Mississippi could not be turned and there was but two methods remained—to return to Memphis and move in heavy force down through the interior of the Mississippi against the rear of Vicksburg, while the navy threatened the city in front; or, to get past the city by way of the Louisiana shore, and

ATTACK THE CITADEL FROM BELOW.

Gen. Grant had tried the first of these methods during the previous December, and knew its

difficulties. He now chose the latter course, and early in April preparations were made for the southward movement. Nine miles in the rear of Milliken's Bend flows Willow Bayou, a deep stream 80 or 100 feet in width, which runs into the Mississippi at New Carthage, eighteen miles below Vicksburg. From the river across to this Bayou, some miles above Milliken's Bend, was a channel, which it was proposed to flood by cutting the levee and dredging out the ditch to a navigable depth, and thus open water communications for the conveyance of supplies to a new base on the river below. Several steam dredges arrived to aid in the work, but the scheme failed, and it was decided to march the troops over land and run the gunboats, with sufficient transports to carry the necessary supplies, past the batteries of Vicksburg.

RUNNING THE BATTERIES.

This bold movement was effected in the night of April 16th. Seven iron-clads, with three large steam transports having ten barges in tow, the latter with rations and forage, ran the gauntlet of batteries under cover of darkness.

The scene formed one of the grandest and most picturesque spectacles of the war. The night was dark and still. Admiral Porter, in the iron-clad Benton, led the way, followed by the Mound City, Carondelet, Tuscumbia, Louisville,

Pittsburg, Lafayette and the General Price, (a wooden ram captured at Memphis some months before,) with the transports Silver Wave, Henry Clay and Tigress, the last three having the barges in tow.

In line and silently the adventurous fleet slipped anchor at 11 o'clock and steamed down the river. Every porthole was closed, every light on board concealed, and the Benton reached the first water battery without being discovered. But at 11:16 the black hulks were discovered drifting past and a terrific fire was opened from the heavy batteries along the face of the bluff. Porter replied furiously with shell and sharpnel, and the Carondelet, floating close in by the farther shore unobserved, sent a deadly broadside enflaming the principal streets, which was crowded with soldiers and negroes, who had flocked down to see their batteries sink the Yankee gunboats. Steam had been shut off aboard the transports, and they floated with the current. All were stuck many times and two were drawn into an eddy and floated round and round, up and down before the batteries not less than three times. The Rebels fired wooden buildings all along the shore, which

LIT UP THE RIVER

for miles. These lights, with the eddies and cross currents, the blazing guns afloat and ashore,

and the great volumes of smoke rolling upward and overhanging the scene confused the pilots, and some parts of the fleet were under fire two hours and forty-six minutes. The gunboat *Tuscombia* took the disabled *Silver Wave* in tow and pulled her safely through. The *Henry Clay* was riddled with shot, set on fire by a shell, and burned to the water's edge, the great flaming hulk floating down the stream as a beacon to the fleet. Finally the boats had got beyond range and came to anchor, or were tied up to shore to repair damages. The gunboats had not been hurt and were ready for action in half an hour.

THE FIRST MOVE IN THE GRAND GAME.

had been successfully played. Meanwhile, important progress had been made on land. On the 1st of April, Gen. McClelland had led off with the Thirteenth Corps, marching back from Milliken's Bend, twelve miles, to Richmond, on Willow Bayou, which he had bridged and crossed, thence advancing southward along the Bayou to New Carthage on the bank of the Mississippi, which point his advance-guard had occupied on the 6th. The levees had been broken, so that the last two miles of the trip had to be made with flatboats and yawls. Nevertheless, with heavy labor one division was pushed over and established on the levee, which was at that time a narrow island. The remaining three divisions

of the corps marched round, following the shore of Bayou Vidal, and struck the Mississippi twelve miles below, at Perkin's plantation. McClernand was with his advance division at New Carthage, his headquarters being in a large brick plantation house, the property of a bitter and defiant rebel.

A MOMENT OF INTENSE ANXIETY.

While there the terrific bombardment at Vicksburg was heard on the night of the 16th. Next morning every eye was turned up the river to catch the first glimpse of the fleet. About eight o'clock the burning wreck of the Henry Clay came floating past. The Rebel proprietor fairly danced with joy. "Where are your gunboats now?" he tauntingly asked. "Vicksburg has sunk them all;" and such for the moment the fact appeared to be. But presently there was a cloud of black smoke behind the cottonwood forest up the river. The men waited anxiously. It might be the ram which the Rebels had captured in Red River coming to shell us from the island. Four field guns on shore were quickly put into position, loaded and pointed up the river. Presently a low, black bull crept round the curve with a flag flying at its jackstaff. The morning was clear, and the flag hung so close to the staff that its character could not at first be determined. Every glass was leveled upon the banner, and when a sud-

den puff of wind spread it out so that the Stars and Stripes could be seen, the shouts and cheers were deafening. It was the Mound City, followed soon after by the Tuscumbia with the Silver Wave and barges in tow, and, during the afternoon, by all the fleet.

It was the Yankee's turn to laugh now, and the desperate Rebel rushed away in a towering rage, set fire to his own house, and fled across the river in the night.

Gen. McClelland concentrated his corps at Perkin's plantation, and immediately began reconnoitering with Admiral Porter the important position at Grand Gulf, which he had instructions to reduce and capture at the earliest moment. The ram Gen. Bragg was placed at his disposal, and the gunboats dropped down to draw the fire of the batteries to reveal their strength. The place proved unexpectedly strong.

GRAND GULF

is a high bluff, point at the head of the Big Black River. It was armed with thirteen heavy guns in two admirably constructed batteries—one twenty-five feet above the water and the other lower down and near the surface of the river. These guns commanded perfectly the channel of the river up and down and the mouth of the Big Black. There was besides an elaborate system of rifle trenches and smaller works.

armed with field artillery and occupied by a garrison of 7,000 men, under Gen. Bowen. McClelland had been censured for not pushing on and capturing Grand Gulf immediately on the arrival of the fleet. The reason why he did not was that Grand Gulf was on one side of the Mississippi, while his corps was on the other side, and he had not sufficient transports to cross his corps. He could not cross above and march down upon it, because it was protected in that direction by the Big Black and the impenetrable swamps above its mouth. Grant was impatient for the attempt to be made, and on the 24th came down in person. He saw the difficulty, and on the 26th six more transports, with twelve barges all laden with rations and forage, ran the batteries at Vicksburg. One was sunk, but five got through and came down.

TAKING GRAND GULF.

The Thirteenth Corps had meanwhile marched down to Hard Times, a point on the Louisiana shore three miles above Grand Gulf. Preparations were made to storm the place. Two divisions of McClelland's corps, one of which was Osterhaus's division, were crowded upon six transports and moved out into the stream just out of range. Gen. Grant was on board a tug and McClelland in command of the troops.

The navy was to steam down, engage and silence the heavy batteries, when the six trans-

ports would follow, run ashore and land the troops to carry the works by assault. At eight o'clock in the morning the gunboats slipped anchor and bore gallantly down. They lay close in by the shore and a terrific contest ensued. For five hours and twenty minutes the boats and batteries

HAMMERED AWAY AT EACH OTHER

at pistol range. The water was so deep that the anchors would not hold, and the gunboats were kept constantly in motion. The parapets were bored through and through, but they were so high above the water that the fleet could not dismount a single gun. At last, Porter finding that the batteries were getting the best of it, ceased firing and withdrew. The attack had failed. To have landed troops under those still unsilenced guns would have been sheer madness. It remained, therefore, to run past the batteries of Grand Gulf, march the troops overland, and attack the position in the rear from below. The men on the transports were quickly landed, and the whole corps moved rapidly across the Point on a high levee, emerging from the cypress woods at De Shroon's plantation, three miles below Grand Gulf, on the Louisiana shore. After dark the gunboats, followed by the transports and barges, steamed down, ran past the batteries, receiving and returning a terrific fire, and before midnight all were safely below the obstacle.

It had been a hot day for the gunboats. One of them had been struck forty-seven times, and a bomb had burst in the turret of the Tusculumbia, killing and wounding a number of men. The loss on the fleet had been eighteen killed and fifty-six wounded. Early next morning the movement was resumed. The nearest landing place on the eastern shore was Bruinsburgh, six miles below. The Thirteenth Corps was rapidly embarked on the transports, barges and gunboats, and dropped down the river to that point. By noon two divisions were landed. Barrels of bread, bacon, and coffee were rolled on shore and opened, each man having permission to stuff his haversack and pockets with sufficient food to last five days. Very few horses had been brought—Generals being allowed but one, with but two mounted staff officers. Many of the guns had but four horses to each carriage, and even Gen. Grant, when he arrived that night, with no baggage but a tooth-brush, was obliged to borrow a mule for a charger.

The river bottom at that point was a mile in width, flanked by a high bluff, to which the road ascended through a deep artificial cut.

A BRIGADE OF THE ENEMY

at that point would have held McClellan in check all the afternoon. But no brigade was there, and McClellan's staff, with a company of infantry, hurried up through the defile, capturing a Confederate Colonel, who had been observing the debarkation of the troops from the

tower of a stately villa which stood embowered in trees at the crest of the hill.

ONCE MORE ON SOLID GROUND.

The corps moved rapidly up, the regiments cheering when they reached the ridge and stood once more upon the solid ground. For five months they had been wading through bayous and the soft, alluvial bottom lands of the Mississippi, and the feeling of firm ground beneath their feet gave new life and elasticity to the spirits of officers and men. Twelve miles inland was the town of Port Gibson, on Bayou Pierre, in the midst of a fertile and beautiful country. Toward this point McClernand pushed rapidly, Carr's division in advance, followed by Osterhaus Hovey, and A. J. Smith. That night was intensely dark, and the road, though remarkably smooth, was so narrow that a regiment marching by the flank filled it completely. At 2 o'clock a. m., May 1, Carr's advance came upon a heavy infantry force, apparently marching toward Bruinsburgh. Both parties opened fire sharply, and

THE ENEMY PROVING STUBBORN.

a section of artillery was unlimbered, pushed forward and set to work with cannister. The enemy retired doggedly a short distance and, having reached a fork in the road, refused to move farther. Carr, seeing he had encountered a serious obstacle, ordered his men to cease fir-

ing, and the whole column sat down in the road to await daylight. Gen. McClelland, with his staff ~~led the night before gone forward~~ with his leading division until it had drawn well out on the main road, and then returned to the large house on the hill, two miles from the river landing, so as to be within easy reach of General Grant, who was expected during the night. He had orders to proceed only to Port Gibson, seize the important bridge at that point across the Bayou Pierre, and await orders. No resistance had been expected in that direction, and Gen. McClelland and his staff, who had not had their boots off since leaving Perkins' plantation, returned to the great house on the hill, anticipating a comfortable night. Hardly had they been an hour in bed when the guns of Carr's advance were heard through the still night, nine miles to the eastward. Horses were saddled,—enough had been captured during the afternoon to mount the staff and orderlies,—and the General sat out at a break-neck pace for the front. Picking his way through the crowded road, McClelland reached the front just at dawn. Carr held the fork of the road with a regiment thrown out a few rods on either branch. Two hundred yards distant, on an oak ridge which crossed diagonally both branches of the road, the hostile line was plainly visible, and a howitzer battery from the right front sent a few

shells crashing harmlessly through the trees which surrounded the house at the junction of the roads. Gen. Carr was found on the porch eating a hard-tack, and the dead and wounded of the night's skirmish lay on the grass in the yard. It was evident that the enemy had taken a stand, and proposed to give us battle. The country was broked by parallel ridges, divided by deep ravines filled with a rank growth of timber, cane and vines. The roads followed the ridges, which were alternately timbered and cleared for cultivation, so that the ground abounded in positions which could only be flanked with extreme difficulty, and were in every way admirable for defense.

THE BATTLE OF THOMPSON'S HILL OR PORT GIBSON.

Dispositions were made for immediate attack. Carr's division was put into line across the right hand road, Osterhaus moved out on the road to the left, Hovey's division joined the left of Carr, and A. J. Smith was for a time held in reserve. The sun was just rising upon such a May day as had been dreamed of but never realized in Northern clime. The smoke of the preliminary skirmish hung in long wreaths over the fields and woods, and warmed and reddened in the morning sunlight like a halo. The trees were in full leaf and the thickets and canebrakes that filled the ravines were dense masses of fresh green foliage. "A good day for a fight," observed the gallant Carr, as he rode away on his white mule to put his men into action.

Osterhau's division, the 42d Ohio in front, came gaily up and took the left hand road. The men were munching their hard bread and taking a few whiffs at their pipes before the hard work of the day. Capt. Olds, of Co. A, 42d, leading his company at the head of the column, blithely greeted a staff officer sent to guide the division to its position, with the question: "Where are those Johnnies who have been keeping us here in the road all night?" Poor little Captain! He little thought that in the garden which he was then passing he would be buried before another sunrise.

The dispositions were quickly made and the battle opened furiously. Hovey's men, on the left of the right-hand road, dashed forward to a little wooded ravine and held it for a few moments, when the enemy in the thicket beyond attempted to charge across the open space, but was met by a withering fire and driven back in confusion. Seeing the foe retreating in disorder, Hovey's men leaped from their cover, rushed across the field, cleared the woods beyond, and captured the four-howitzer battery; the horses of which had been killed. The first position had been carried, and with it the guns which had already dismounted two pieces of a German battery in Carr's division, near the fork of the road. The enemy fell back half a mile.

CHOSE A POSITION,

and made another stand. Hovey pressed forward, with Carr on his right now in line and advancing gallantly. Another desperate collision occurred—the Confederates fighting like tigers. After half an hour of this, Smith's division, the rear of the Thirteenth Corps, which had come up and been resting in reserve, was sent to the right of Carr's line to wrap round and take the enemy in flank. It had some distance to traverse, but moved rapidly to its position, attacked vigorously, and, before ten o'clock the whole left of the Rebel line had been broken and driven back to a deep ravine, filled with cane and underbrush, and covered by a steep, wooded slope beyond. In these woods and this ravine the enemy found a new and admirable position, in which, from behind a complete shelter, he could resist attack from the open ground.

OSTERHAUS' FIGHT.

Meantime Osterhaus, round on the left-hand road, was hotly engaged. He had found the enemy three-quarters of a mile from the junction of the two roads, strongly posted on a rugged ridge, with his left in a sunken road. Osterhaus' division had here encountered two full brigades with a six-gun battery, under command of Gen. Tracy. As the Federal division moved to the attack, the battery opened upon it, firing rapidly, but generally too high.

Foster's battery went into position near the road, and in less than an hour completely silenced it, dismounting not less than three of its guns. Col. Sheldon's brigade held the right of Osterhaus' line. It advanced rapidly across the open ground, charged through a thicket at the foot of the hill, driving out the Rebel skirmishers, and halting in a position which afforded some shelter from the Rebel artillery. The 42d Ohio, with the 69th Ind. on the left, moved smartly up the ridge and found the enemy on a similar ridge, about a hundred yards distant, the two ridges being separated by a deep ravine. The two regiments were on their mettle, and, as their losses prove, bore the brunt of battle in that part of the field. Still keeping partly under cover, the men would advance until they got an opportunity for a shot, then lie down or retire and reload. By this time the accurate fire of Foster's guns had begun to cut up the Rebel battery. The 42d also opened upon it, and the cannoneers were driven into a log hut near by. Then they rallied, and making a rush for the guns, tried to get away with the three not yet disabled. They first tried to drag the pieces away by hand, but the fire of the 42d and 69th killed the gunners before they could move them an inch. Then, in a desperate effort to save the guns, the horses and limbers were brought out from behind the log buildings and

made a dash for the battery, but a volley from the right wing of the 42d brought down every horse, and the guns were lost; it was certain death to approach them. The 42d and 69th now made two gallant efforts to charge over the hill, down through the ravine, and up the opposite bank. In both instances the dash was successfully made, but failed of its results through the unaccountable stupidity of our men. The two regiments reached the second ravine and began the ascent, when the Rebels, fearing they would be attacked at close quarters, advanced to the top of the slope, seeing which the 120th Ohio, in the rear and left of the 42d, opened

A MURDEROUS FIRE,

every shot of which that fell too low struck among the 42d. Several men, including Lieut. Campbell, of Co. G, and Ira Oshurn, of Co. A, 42d, were severely wounded, and five or six others killed by this severe fire in a few moments. Finding itself thus between two fires, the 42d gladly obeyed the order to fall back to its former position on the first ridge. The 69th which had gone forward at the same time, reached a position sheltered from the fire of our own troops, and held its ground manfully, singing "Rally Round the Flag" as it fought. After an hour of this the 69th, whose ammunition began to run low, was ordered back, while the

42d moved forward to occupy its place. The Rebels mistook the movement of the 69th for a retreat of our line and came down in pursuit, firing furiously, but the 42d charged up gallantly and drove them back. A few moments after we saw two or three companies detached from the Rebel line and move round another ravine, separated only by a narrow ridge from the one in which the 42d was then fighting. It was impossible to fire upon them without exposing ourselves to a cross-fire. So Col. Pardee tried strategy. Moving four companies of the 42d round by the right, he gained the flank and rear of the Rebel force, opened a sharp reverse fire upon it, and then charged down, driving the Rebel companies over the ridge into the hands of the main body of the 42d, by whom they were all captured. Eight of the Rebels were killed in this little exploit and more than a hundred prisoners taken.

It was now about noon. For more than five hours the

BATTLE HAD RAGED WITH DESPERATE FURY. Men could hear the roar of the conflict away to the right, and knew by the gradually receding tumult that Hovey's, Carr's and Smith's divisions were driving the enemy. Report came that Hovey's men had captured a battery; so in fact they had but had not yet got hands upon it. We, in our part of the line, were opposed to a

force superior to our own in a strongly chosen position; and though our entire division fought gallantly, the enemy had substantially held his ground. The roar of our guns that morning had reached the ears of Gen. Grant, on board a gun-boat at Bruinsburgh, and, borrowing a mule, he had started for the scene. On the way, he passed Gen. John A. Logan's division of the 17th Corps, which had crossed the river during the night and was hurrying forward. Grant arrived at 10:30 and assumed chief command. Logan came an hour later and one of his brigades—Gen. John E. Smith's—was immediately sent to our aid. It was put in on the left of Osterhaus' division, swung round, and took the enemy in flank. At the same time, our line again charged forward, crossed the second ravine, climbed the hill under a terrible fire, drove the enemy from his position, and rolled his line back in disorder. The Rebel Gen. Tracy was killed in the final assault, and we found the woods and the open space near the battery and about the log-house strewn with dead. Nearly a mile from his first position the enemy met reinforcements from Vicksburg, and when we again came up, resisted until night, falling back stubbornly before us until within two miles of Port Gibson, the spires of which we could see shining white and peaceful in the setting sun. Our May-day was over.

WE HAD 'GAINED A VICTORY,

of which every man instinctively felt the importance, but it had been won at a serious cost. The loss of the 42d Ohio was twelve killed and sixty-one wounded; that of the 69th Ind., fifteen killed and forty-one wounded. I have no date in figures of losses of other regiments engaged. Ten brigades had been engaged on the Union side that day, and these two regiments had suffered nearly a quarter of the entire loss. Gen. Grant and McPherson, who came with Smith's brigade to the left of the field and watched the charge that broke that part of the enemy's line, personally complimented the 42d and 69th upon their gallantry. All day long we had been fighting the flower of the Vicksburg army, the famous "Mississippi Tigers." The two roads upon which this spirited battle was fought, fork, as already stated, at a point four miles west of Port Gibson. After diverging until nearly two miles apart, they gradually converge and unite half a mile from Port Gibson. McClelland, with his three divisions on the right continued to press the enemy vigorously all the afternoon. About 3 o'clock p. m. there arrived two brigades of Confederates from Vicksburg. They could be seen coming over the hills swinging their hats and shouting as they hurried into the fight. This arrival served to cheer the spirits of Bowen's men, and as still further reinforcements

were expected from Jackson, under Gen. Loring, the enemy held out stubbornly until dark. The troops lay down where they stopped fighting, and awaited the coming of another day. The victory to the Federals had been complete. They had captured two batteries and 650 prisoners and held the whole field of the day's battle. The dead and many of the wounded of the enemy were in our hands. The Federal loss had been 130 killed and 718 wounded, of which more than half were in Osterhaus' division. The enemy's loss was much greater."

During the night the enemy retreated across Bayou prairie, and we were in possession of Port Gibson. Grant had intended to accommodate stores here and first assist in the reduction of Port Hudson, but Banks was so slow in investing that place, and on the 5th he put his forces in motion along two parallel roads up Big Black. On the 15th McPherson's advance met a Rebel force under Gen. Gregg, when another short but fierce battle ensued, the Rebels being completely routed, and the Federals taking possession of Raymond at 5 o'clock p. m. On the 16th, McPherson encountered Gen. W. H. L. Walker in command of South Carolina and Georgia troops before Jackson, Mississippi. The attack was delayed by a heavy rain, but at 11 o'clock a. m., the whole Federal line swept forward driving the enemy from the ravine that covered their front,

and up the hill where their batteries were posted when the enemy fled, and were easily followed to near the outer defenses of Jackson; when the main line was halted until the enemy's position and disposition could be reconnoitred, who found the capitol of Mississippi evacuated, and at 4 o'clock p. m., the flag of the 57th Indiana was floating from the dome of the State House.

The Rebel forces fled north from Jackson with evident intent of forming with Pemberton, Grant at once divined their intent and in order to prevent its consummation pushed Blair's division to Edwards' station, followed by McClernard Osterhouse and McPherson. Pemberton had occupied Champion Hill. On the morning of the 16th he received an order from Johnson to form junction with him, but it was too late for Hovey's division was upon him followed by McPherson's corps. These forces waited until they should have the guns of McClernard's other divisions that were coming up by Botton Station. Fire commenced between Hovey and the Rebel skirmishers, which by 11 o'clock grew into a battle, a single division could not long resist two or three times its number, so that Grant had to send first one and then another of Crocker's brigades to the support of Hovey, while McPherson's other division under command of John A. Logan, was working so effectively on Pemberton's left and rear as to greatly weaken his efforts in

car r Henry
the fort, McClernard failed to arrive until McPherson assisted by Hovey's division had driven Pemberton from the field. On the morning of the 17th Pemberton's forces were found strongly posted on the Black river. Here however, as in preceding engagements the enemy was out maneuvered and out fought, so that his men abandoned eighteen canons after losing heavily in killed and wounded, and 1,500 prisoners, they fled into their entrenchments about Vicksburg, where Grant's forces drew up around them on the 18th.

On the 18th the brigade received orders to move, but did not march until the 19th. They moved across the bend about six miles, only taking the Adjutant's and ambulance tent. Part of the way they were in range of the Rebel guns, but the Rebels paid no attention to them. They pitched camp below Warrington. The regiment went aboard the Cheesman for Grand Gulf where they saw their first ocean steamer. Here too the 14th boys saw the first colored soldiers, and were very favorably impressed with them. On the night of the 20th the news reached them as they lay at Grand Gulf that Grant had defeated the Rebels at Jackson, Big Black river and Champion Hills, and that Vicksburg was safely and suerely invested in the rear. Skyrockets were sent up from the boats. In the midst of the cheering, Col. Camm ordered the regiment

to dress and form line which was immediately done. The regiment was moved to the river, put aboard a steamer and started up the river by midnight, and by 9 o'clock next morning were in sight of Warrington again. They kept on up the river until too near the Rebel batteries, and then dropped down below Warrington, where they lay for an hour, when they received orders to move up as close to the rebel batteries as it was safe, and disembark and march across above Vicksburg. At Yazoo point the regiment re-embarked on the good steamer Duke. On the 21st they landed at Chickasaw Bayou, three miles below Haines' bluffs, and were placed in charge of 2500 Rebel prisoners. They were relieved before night from guard, and with the 15th Illinois and 53d Ind., moved out along the levee toward the upper end of Vicksburg, but were soon halted to wait for orders. They came to the effect that the regiments above named should report at Haines' bluffs. On the 22d the tents and camp equipage came up. On the 24th the regiment marched about fifteen miles to the Vicksburg and Jackson railroad. It was a very rough country. In going into camp for the night, they had to pass in range of the Rebel batteries, but the sharp shooters kept the Rebel gunners down. On the 25th the 2d brigade marched ten miles to the left of the federal lines to relieve Quimby's division. They took shelter under a hill with orders for no man to

go on it, to put fires out at dusk and beat no drums.

On the evening of the 26th, soon after the men lay down, the Rebels made a sortie and captured about 100 men of the 46th Illinois. This movement aroused the camp and the 14th was called out and kept in line until next morning. Lieut. Col. Jones of the 46th was captured, but he escaped. After daylight a captain of the 46th brought in three Rebel prisoners who were still carrying their fire arms. Companies A and B when relieved from vidette duty that morning returned to camp over the high ground and drew the fire of a Rebel battery but fortunately only one man was wounded. A sortie was expected on the night of the 27th, but none was made. During the night a fire broke out in Vicksburg. Next morning while the regiment was being relieved from the duty of guarding against the sortie, the iron clads were moving into position to engage the lower water batteries. The artillery duel that ensued was an imposing sight. Lieut. Cox returned from home on the 1st of June. Starvation is doing its work in Vicksburg and the Rebels are sending the negroes and mules out of the city. Another fire and a very great one broke out in the city June 2d. Thus far the casualties among the women and children inside the invested works amounted to only one woman and one child killed.

June 3d. On picket, two Rebels surrendered and took the oath of allegiance.

June 5th, again on picket. When the regiment went out to relieve the 71st the men foolishly fired at the Rebels who returned the fire and wounded Bloomcamp of Co. D.

June 7th, picket. Capt. Williams promoted Major in a negro artillery regiment.

June 9th, picket. Two heavy guns placed in position on the left of the regiment.

June 11th, picket. The third brigade arrived in the evening and moved into line on the right of the 14th. The men's knapsacks arrived on the 13th.

June 14th, picket. About noon four plain looking men walked up to company D's post. They proved to be Gen. Grant and staff. The General is of medium height and at the time appeared to be care worn. He went into a rifle pit took a musket and fired twice at the Rebel pickets. He then walked over the open ground to the left and appeared to fear that the Rebels might slip out there and escape. Seeing a number of loose horses and mules on the ground he asked what it meant, and when informed that they belonged to the Rebels who had turned them out to graze, he assisted in driving them to the rear. He said the time was coming when the Rebels would eat them if they could get them.

The 4th division was relieved by Gen. Herron on the 13th and the 14th regiment moved about half a mile toward the right. A deserter reported that Co. D killed one Rebel and wounded another the preceding day. As the Union lines approached close to the Rebel works the opposing pickets indulged in a good deal of talking to each other.

On the 20th the regiments received orders to be ready to attack the Rebel works at any moment. On June 15th Grant made a bold but unsuccessful assault upon the Rebel works. On

the 23d he renewed it. Sherman's McPherson's and McClernand's Corps were all engaged uncovered, while the Rebels fought under cover. All that was accomplished, was to show the wits of the men. Grant now sat down to the work of a regular siege.

June 23d, the Rebels made a sortie, attacked the 14th and drove the men from the rifle pits. One man was killed in company F, and one man in company I. When the attack commenced Col. Canum went back to bring up the reserve, and as he did not return it was thought that he was either killed or captured.

The same day Major Williams came back on recruiting service. About 2 p. m. company E reported that they were famished for water, and company D relieved them by one man going over at a time, the men from E returning in the same way. It is a little singular that though we were within about 200 yards of the Rebel works, not a shot was fired at us while the transfer was being made.

On the 24th the ground lost by the 14th was all retaken. Col. Canum and ten men missing, two more men were found dead. 25th the regiment was informed that Gen. McPherson was going to blow up Fort Beauregard. On the 26th the 14th was relieved, after doing duty for two days, there was a rumor that McPherson had got possession of the Rebel Fort Beauregard. On the 30th the regiment started from camp at sunset. While passing over a ridge the Rebels threw a shell at us, which struck very close to D, but did not explode. The regiment was sent to dig pits on July 1st. July 2d, detailed

to work in the trenches again. About daylight on the 3d the regiment returned to camp. This was truce day between Federal and Rebel pickets, we judge from what the Rebels said that they were willing to surrender, and informed us that Col. Camm was not hurt, that he and the men with him had been parolled and sent to Jones' Point; but that Commodore Porter would not receive them. At 4 p. m., firing commenced on the right.

July 4th, "The thing is up. Vicksburg belongs to the Yanks, glory halldujah," "John Brown's soul is marching on."

On the 5th we marched with five day's rations. We halted and went into camp at Black River bridge where we remained until the 7th, when we crossed the river on a pontoon and five miles farther on crossed Baker's Creek at Edward's Station.

July 9th. started for Clinton a little before dark, consumed the night in going two miles.

10th, arrived at Clinton at 3 p. m.

11th, the brigade was detailed as a train, and rear guard, cannonading in front. Six wagons of a forage train captured by the Rebels. Received orders to forage for ten days supply of meat.

12th, heavy firing in front. News of the capture of Port Hudson by Gen. Banks received. Brigade ordered forward at dark.

13th, arrived at the division, having started at dark the day before. Learned that the 28th, 41st and 53d Illinois, and 3d Iowa were the only regiments in the fight of that ill-advised charge on Jackson, and that they lost half their number,

500 to 600 men. The commander, Gen. Lauman, whom the boys called "Aunt Betsy," was placed under arrest, and the division, the 4th, attached to Gen. Herron's, thus placing him in charge of five brigades.

15th, on picket, but relieved at night and ordered to dig rifle pits.

17th, a reconnoitering party found that Johnson's Army had evacuated Jackson. They left as souvenirs a number of torpedoes concealed in bales of cotton, but the Union men burned the cotton, and thus destroyed the torpedoes without injury to themselves.

19th, Sunday. Destroyed five miles of railroad by prying up the rails, collecting and firing the ties and placing the rails across the burning mass thus bending the rails.

20th, drew two pounds of hard tack and a little green coffee to the man as three day's rations. Received orders to join our corps (17th.)

21st, marched to Raymond.

22d, arrived at Vicksburg.

25th, marched into the Rebel works and out again. Isn't it a pity that so many officers do not have as much sense as many privates do.

On the 27th an order, and an agreeable one it was, came to the effect that 5 per cent of the enlisted men should be granted thirty days furlough. The furloughs for the 14th came August 3d.

In August the regiment removed to Natchez. Here Lieut. Cox was commissioned captain; second lieutenant J. W. Bates first lieutenant, and Michael R. and William Clark lieutenants in a negro regiment.

In a prize drill by companies the 14th hoped

to carry it. It is true, but from the other regiments of the 1st Division, that neither they were deemed to be competent to do it, nor did they. They did not meet it.

General Logan visited the 12th and made a speech, but the men did not receive him very enthusiastically. They did not like the customary cheering ceremony, and the other regiments looked rather lazily.

On the 7th of October, Col. Canam reported as captured, and on the 12th he was pronounced dead. The general feeling in the regiment was that James had brought this about more for their own advancement, than because they believed the colonel to be a coward. The story that is being circulated, that when he went to the rear, instead of asking change of, and then going up the reserve, he threw himself into a ditch and lay there until the Rebels drove the men back and off, and when they began to fill it up that Col. Canam whined out "you wouldn't cover up a wounded man would you?" and that when he was taken out, that there was only a track made by a nail in some mans boot heel as he stepped in the Colonel's face in jumping out of the ditch is probably a canard as the story being told, that when that terrible volley was fired on Sunday morning into the left flank of the 14th, that he stampeded, and never stopped running until he got to Regimental Quarters.

The Colonel knows more about it than anybody else. I said that he went back to hunt up stragglers, and if men strayed, they would be more likely to go to Regimental Quarters than anywhere else. While probably a majority of the men in the regiment are not partisans of

the colonel, they will not join in the hue and cry against him, preferring to wait for the evidence and the finding of the court martial.

On the 10th of November the 2nd brigade, 4th division, 17th army corps, of which the 14th Illinois Infantry was a part, was ordered to strike tents preparatory to move in some direction. On the 11th, the 14th, 15th and 76th Illinois volunteers went aboard of the Chouteau, while the rest of the brigade were put aboard the Empress and started up the Mississippi river. On the morning of the 12th they found themselves at Vicksburg, where they disembarked and moved out to the new line of fortifications in the rear of the city. On the 14th Lieutenant Bates was detailed and started north as recruiting officer. On the 17th the first stir was in the regiment about going into the veteran service; the majority did not seem much inclined to do so.

November 27th the regiment struck tents preparatory to another march. The wisecreases could not find out where the expedition was going. After marching one day we went into camp and began to build shanties as if for winter quarters. On the 5th of December, Major

Nolty was appointed recruiting officer to enlist the regiment as veterans.

On the 6th having finished our shanties we were told that as soon as two-thirds of the regiment re-enlisted they would be furloughed home. Company D wanted to go home, but they remembered their leave-taking on the public square at Greenfield, and how sad it was, and they thought it would be harder to separate from

Friends the second time than it was the first time, and being impressed with the idea that it would not be fair for them to do all the fighting, and not give the northern obstructionist a chance, veteranizing did not go very rapidly in Co. D.

D company had persuaded itself, that for the good of the northern copper-heads they would not re-enlist, but their confidence in remaining a unit against veteranizing was considerably shaken on the 7th, when fourteen of the boys re-enlisted. On the 22d, Sam Culbertson, an old member of D, who in the beginning of the war was discharged for disability, came back to the company as a recruit. On the 30th we were mustered. Capt. Cox just got back to the company in time to keep from being mustered without leave. On the first of January, '64, two more men of D enlisted as veterans. On the evening of the 22d we had speaking by Col. Hall, Major Nolty, Dr. Stephenson and our Chaplain, Rutledge, instead of dress parade. Oh what an orator the Chaplain is! He could charm a man with his eloquence, but they did not make much headway in persuading the boys to re-enlist. They could not think of depriving northern stay-at-homes of the privilege of suffering for their country.

On the 31st of January after the usual Sunday morning inspection, the regiment received marching orders and started in the direction of the Black river. At the close of the day they went into camp and remained until the 3d of February, then moved forward again. On the 4th, when near Champion Hill, the rebels began to show their teeth. The skirmishing became so heavy that the wounded in considerable num-

bers began to come to the rear. On to the 4th February, our brigade was placed at the head of the column, the 15th Illinois in advance followed by the 14th and 76th Illinois infantry. Very soon after starting the Rebels were found, and the 15th was deployed as skirmishers, with the cavalry on the right and left flanks, while the 14th and 76th were formed in line of battle in their rear. The order to advance was given, when we drove the enemy before us for five miles. A good many shells were thrown at us. Col Rodgers and three men of the 15th were wounded and one man in the 14th. The Rebels were stubborn and fought doggedly, and the result was that we did not make much headway. The 3d battery took shelter in the 5th, but the Rebels were still very stubborn. On the 6th, our brigade was moved off on the Raymond road, and here the whole column came to be on fire, the Rebels were evidently preparing to abandon the country to us.

On the 8th we were ready to move before light, but had to wait for Leggett's division and the Iowa brigade to cross the river before we could move. When the 14th got off, it moved very rapidly and got to Brandon by 2 p. m., and went into camp one mile east of town.

It was plain to us now that we were going in the direction of Meridian, Mississippi. On the 8th we had a skirmish with the enemy's cavalry in which a woman was killed. The Rebels formed in her door yard and called her out to see us run, but they did the running, and the poor woman was killed. At midnight on the 13th we got into a small place called Decatur, when the Rebels made an attack on our train, the 17th

Army Corps, killing sixteen mules and capturing eleven wagons, but as usual before the thing was over the Rebels came out second best, and we killed three men and took several prisoners. We suffered no loss in killed or wounded. On the 14th we drew three day's rations and pushed forward to within five miles of Meridian. On the 15th we marched into Meridian in a hard rain storm. The 17th and 18th were spent in destroying railroad track and bridges. On the 19th we resumed the line of march for Vicksburg. It was while on this campaign that the Grand Army of the Republic was ~~the~~ first thought of and discussed. Its origin was as follows:

While they tarried two nights and one day at this eastern end of the raid, awaiting General Smith and breaking up some railroad tracks, most of the baggage train and provisions had been left some twenty miles west under the guard, that they might be less enumbered in the final conflict with General Polk's force, thinking he would not tamely yield to destruction, these important railroad connections. But as his fighting for a fortnight availed him nothing, he retreated beyond their reach.

Having accomplished an important work by the raid, they struck back via Canton, Mississippi, towards Vicksburg. The first day's march brought them to the train and provisions over which they were the more jubilant as they had been without coffee for three days. Then they unwisely undertook to make up for lost time by drinking an excess of hot strong coffee, and never until then was its full effects as a stimulant made known to many. Sleep was bannished

that night, and there was probably no Rebel force to be feared within fifty miles, the soldiers whistled, sang, squealed, neighed, and crowed all along the line. The gravest officers were not exempt from this coffee exhilaration, and bursts of laughter here and there indicated that the wag or wit of the squad was ~~perpetrating~~ his best jokes. Even the said hospital mess, with no sick to care for, fell into the same nervous, sleepless current. Though speaking especially for the Fourteenth regiment Illinois volunteer infantry, this vigil was probably kept by most of the Fourth division of the Seventeenth Army Corps.

But to return. There was William J. Rutledge, regimental chaplain; Major B. F. Stevenson, surgeon; Dr. Chaffee, assistant surgeon; Joseph Meacham, hospital steward, etc. Each man was a marked character, but we have not time to describe them now. All were warm personal friends, yet fond of joking each other. (Dr. Stevenson, provoked by this sleeplessness, began to moralize on "the glory of the war being a humbug; as a man may be left by his comrades to die on the bloody field, unwept, unhonored and unsung, and if transferred to Paradise he must be greatly chagrined to see his name misspelled in the reports, leaving his friends in doubt as to whether it was he or some other man." The chaplain, always buoyant in spirits and fruitful in resource, replied, "That won't apply to you and Doc; for we have had no battle yet where all were killed on both sides; some escape to tell about it, so we will be those lucky dogs; we will live on after this land has been subsoiled by the plowshare of war and rebellion

and slavery turned under so deep that they will never sprout again, and by our peaceful firesides we'll shoulder our crutch and show how fields were won.

"Moreover," continued the chaplain, "as knight errantry and masonry were wonderfully revived during the wars of the Crusades, so we in the years that lie beyond will revive them by organizing on a fraternal basis, the Grand Army of the Republic. You, Doctor, shall be grand mogul or commander-in-chief; Dr. Chaffee, your adjutant general; Mescham, your aide-de-camp; Seitz your paymaster; Goldsmith, your inside intendant; Sam Logan, your vidette; and I your chaplain. Being now organized under this venerable oak, that may have sheltered Indians, Aztecs or Druids centuries ago, we will, after due examination, proceed to collect the initiation fees and admit the brethren, swearing them to liberty, equality and sympathy with the underdog in the fight. Thus shall we insure a soldier's reunion every full moon. We shall bind together a brotherhood who were previously united in the fellowship of suffering; and as some doubtless will deserve pensions who will fail in obtaining them, we can supply this lack by our voluntary contributions."

Thus with suggestions, humorous or earnest the night wore on, the morning dawned, and the march was resumed. Dr. Stevenson, though not imaginative and inventive like the chaplain, was methodical and a born organizer. The chaplain had built this castle in the air as the pleasant pastime of a sleepless night. The doctor brought that castle to the ground, made moat and drawbridge for it, commissioned its officers, mounted

its sentinels, and manned it before his death with 100,000 men. To the chaplain it was one of the beautiful myths plowing through his brain; to the doctor it was "a ghost that would not down" at his bidding. These two, though very dissimilar as men, were agreed in regard to the projected organization in all save this: The doctor wanted to give it a decided political tinge, claiming that those who had borne the burden alone should have the benefit, but the chaplain of the old Fourteenth discarded the "machine" idea, insisting that the fraternal and benevolent one was best one to insure usefulness and perpetuity.

Ardent as the doctor was about this new ideal, it was not till the spring of 1866 that he (having removed from Jacksonville to Springfield, Ill.) telegraphed the chaplain (who was then stationed in Bloomington) for a special interview. So the doctor, the chaplain, Colonel John M. Snyder, and Colonel A. Weber, read and corrected the proof sheets of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the first "Post" was organized in Springfield, near the home and tomb of Lincoln, whence it soon spread through Illinois and into other States.

Dr. Stevenson remained the first Commander-in-Chief up to the first general rally held in the Representatives Hall of the old State House. It was with hesitancy, then, that the committee, knowing Chaplain Rutledge's intimacy with the doctor, requested him, in seconding General Logan's nomination, to award to the doctor all the credit due him, which he did in brief but earnest speech that will long be remembered by

those who heard it. The doctor was somewhat grieved at being superseded in the general command, but he was deeply moved by the chaplain's reference to the memories of the Mississippi forest, and in reply said that the chaplain gave him more credit than was due; for it was the chaplain himself who had originated the idea, and aided and encouraged him in pushing it to its consummation.

Thus the Grand Army of the Republic that first flitted as a phantom through the forests of Mississippi now marshalls its hosts and keeps step to the music of the Union.

The Rebels attacked the third brigade at the Big Black river, and were handsomely repulsed on the 29th of February. On the 3d of March the regiment got back to its old camp ground, and found everything right except our shanties which the darkies had torn down for wood and clapboards. On the 16th the veterans from the 24th, 166 in number, started home on furlough. Company D had thirty veterans and ten new recruits here, and one on the road coming, hence will start on the second years campaign with forty-four rank and file. The veterans are men tried and true.

The non-veterans before they left the service were destined to make one more campaign. We remained in the neighborhood of Vicksburg under command of Captain Rhiner of company G, until the 16th of April, when we received marching orders. Our regiment 400 strong lay all day on the 16th waiting for transportation. At daylight on the 17th, the Albert Pearce took the 14th Wisconsin and 14th Illinois volunteers on board and moved up the river with them. The

boat reached Cairo about ten o'clock a. m., April 22d. Here Col. Camm, who had been tried by a court martial, and suspended from command and deprived of six months pay, met the regiment and resumed command. On the 28th of April, the steamer Illinois took the 14th and 15th Illinois regiments on board and ran up to Mound City and took on the Iowa brigade then moved up the Ohio.

At dark on the 30th, the boat arrived at Clifton, Tennessee, where the men disembarked on the first of May. On the 5th the regiment received marching orders and moved off to the east. The troops in this campaign were the 1st Minnesota battery, the 3d, 11th, 13th, 15th and 16th Iowa infantry; the 12th, 14th, 17th and 33d Wisconsin infantry; the 14th, 15th, 30th, 32d, 41st, 45th and 53d Indiana, and 32d Ohio infantry; in all about 6,000 strong. On May 10th there was a rumor in camp that Gen. Sherman had whipped the Rebels and that the Army of the Potomac had won a victory.

On the 12th the 14th was detailed to guard a herd of cattle through to Huntsville, Alabama.

On the 26th of May, the non-veterans of the 14th received orders to report at Springfield, Illinois, to be mustered out of the service. They got started the same day. All the officers of the regiment going out of service except Col. Hall, Capt. Cox, and Lieuts. Weisner and Gillespie. Part of six companies of non-veterans were mustered out at Springfield on the 21st of June. The other four companies were mustered out and paid off on the 24th. We were there to see and to take as many by the hand as we could. In this good bye we felt that it would be many

a day ere would be banded together again a nobler body of men, or men who would make a leaner or better "record as honest, faithful, devoted courageous soldiers than they.

The martyred members of company D and the old 14th, are sleeping until the great arise, in many a forest, glen and glade, beside the Mississippi, Cumberland and the Tennessee, the Big Black, Yazoo and Hatchie; at Andersonville, through Georgia and the Carolinas, and in Virginia by the broad Potomac.

Let them slumber in peace where their countrymen have laid them.

On the roll of their fame they so nobly have trod,
Where the dark hand of treason so foully has trod.
And stained with their lifeblood the green spring grass sod.
Every man was a hero! Our country, exulting
Shall point to their deeds in the far-coming time
When conquered they conquered, and the glory resulting
Shall live on the page of our history sublime.

O, pray for them, mothers, for great were the danger
To those whom at morn and at eve you cherish:
Yet treasure of home were the prey of the stranger—
Have they quailed in the hour of distress
They sprang to their duty when Freedom was calling.
The brave to arouse at their chieftain's command,
They fell in the harvest of battle appalling—
Victorious in dying—the best of our land

Their names with the heroes of old let us number,
Who taught a proud Nation that man will be free.
O, fair is the warning they speak in their slumber,
Let the Briton beware how he crosses the sea,
Nor dare interfere in the struggle progressing
To rescue from ruin the garden of earth:
For dauntless in battle, their wrongs while redressing,
Are those who now fight for the land of their birth

(THE END.)

To Make Fine Bread and Rolls.

Here ~~are some~~ recipes which I feel confident will be helpful to many a housekeeper who has been rendered almost desperate by repeated failures in her attempts to make good bread and rolls.

Put two quarts, somewhat heaped, of sifted new-process flour into a bread bowl. Make a well in the center, pour in one pint of lukewarm water, in which has been dissolved one tablespoonful of shortening—butter, clarified beef drippings or lard—and one coffee cupful of lukewarm water, in which has been dissolved one-half of a cake of compressed yeast; sift in one medium-sized boiled potato, cold or hot; add one tablespoonful of salt and two of sugar.

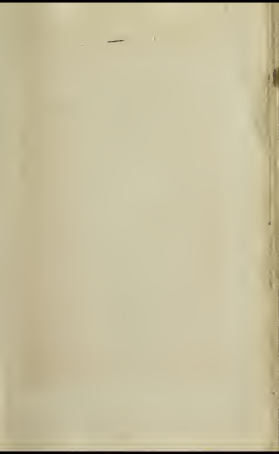
Stir this, wetting with a spoon, mixing in a little of the flour, and, lastly, covering with some from the sides, thus leaving the sponge surrounded by the flour.

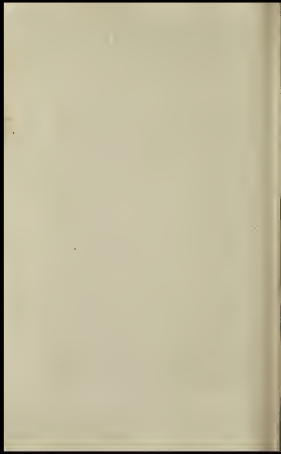
Do this in the evening and put in a warm place to rise over night. In the morning stir it up with a knife. It should be so stiff that it will seem as though it were almost impossible to mix in all of the flour and it will look rough when flushed.

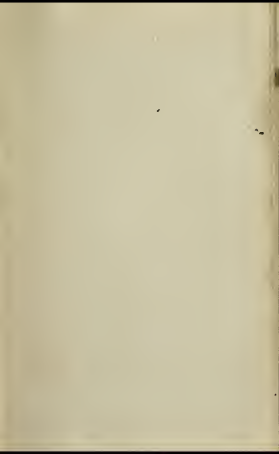
Set it again in a warm place and let it rise until extremely light, probably three or four hours, according to the temperature. Then carefully divide into two parts with a sharp knife; do not knead it at all, but form lightly into loaves in the hands. Place in warmed, greased baking pans and set once more to rise. When very light, certainly twice its former size, and air bubbles can be seen through the almost transparent crust, put into a rather hot oven and bake from three-quarters of an hour to an hour.

Breakfast Rolls—Boil one pint of milk and let it cool until blood warm. Put two ounces









16²

32

3.33

132.00

(4

32



